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MISCELLANIES.

THE

FIFTH and SIXTH VOLUMES.

By Dr. SWIFT and others.

The FIFTH EDITION Corrected:

With Several ADDITIONAL PIECES in VERSE and PROSE.

THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

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THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

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POEMS

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

The Fable of MIDAS.

Written in the Year 1712.

MIDAS, we are in Story told,
Turn'd ev'ry Thing he touch'd to *Gold*:
He *chip'd* his *Bread*; the Pieces round
Glitter'd, like Spangles on the Ground:
A Cod'ling e'er it went his Lip in,
Wou'd ſtrait become a *Golden* Pippin:
He call'd for Drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable Gold in *Golden Cup*:
His empty Paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his Vittels thro' a Quill:
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his Grinders,
Or't had been happy for *Gold-finders*:

He cock'd his Hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay
On *Magazines* of *Corn* or *Hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paultry *Provender* and *Bread*:
Hence by wiſe Farmers we are told,
Old Hay *is equal to old* Gold;
And hence a Critick deep maintains,
We learnt to weigh our *Gold* by *Grains*.

THIS *Fool* had got a *lucky Hit*;
And People fancy'd he had *Wit*:
Two Gods their ſkill in Muſick try'd,
And both choſe *Midas* to decide;
He againſt *Phœbus*' Harp decreed,
And gave it for *Pan*'s Oaten Reed:
The God of Wit, to ſhew his Grudge,
Clapt *Aſſes*' Ears upon the Judge;
A goodly Pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

AND now the Virtue of his *Hands*,
Was loſt among *Pactolus*' Sands,
Againſt whoſe Torrent while he ſwims,
The *Golden* Scurf peels off his Limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and People travel
From far to gather *golden* Gravel;

Midas

Midas, expos'd to all their Jeers,
Had loſt his *Art*, and kept his *Ears*.

THIS Tale inclines the gentle Reader
To think upon a certain *Leader*:
To whom from *Midas* down, deſcends
That Virtue in the Fingers Ends.
What elſe by *Perquiſites* are meant,
By *Penſions*, *Bribes*, and *Three per Cent*,
By *Places* and *Commiſſions* ſold;
And turning *Dung* itſelf to *Gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of Store,
As t'other *Midas* did before?

NONE e'er did modern *Midas* chuſe
Subject or Patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their Merit ſcan,
That *Phœbus* muſt give place to *Pan*:
He values not the Poet's Praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *Plumbs* for *Bays*:
To *Pan* alone, rich Miſers call,
And there's the Jeſt, for *Pan* is *ALL*.
Here *Engliſh* Wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the* Greek.

BESIDES, it plainly now appears,
Our *Midas* too has *Aſſes'* Ears;

Where ev'ry Fool his Mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand Lies;
Such groſs Deluſions could not paſs,
Thro' any Ears but of an *Aſs.*

BUT *Gold* defiles with frequent Touch;
There's nothing *fouls* the Hands ſo much:
And Scholars give it for the Cauſe
Of *Britiſh Midas'* dirty Paws;
Which while the *Senate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *Chemic* Power.

WHILE he his utmoſt Strength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *pop'lar Tide,*
The *golden* Spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *Penſion,* there a *Place:*
The *Torrent,* mercileſs, imbibes
Commiſſions, Perquiſites, and *Bribes;*
By their own Weight ſunk to the Bottom;
Much Good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.
And *Midas* now neglected ſtands,
With *Aſſes' Ears,* and *dirty Hands.*

The Reverend Dr. *SH*———*N* to J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.

Written in the Year 1712.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *Cruxes* and *Puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a Woman a Sieve and a Riddle?
'Tis a Thought that came into my Noddle this Morning,
In Bed as I lay, Sir, a toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your Hiſtories,
All Women, as *Eve*, all Women are Myſteries.
To find out this Riddle, I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the Sex a *Bel-phagor*.
But that will not do, for I mean to come-mend 'em
I ſwear, without Jeſt, I an Honour intend 'em.
In a Sieve, Sir, their antient Extraction I quite tell,
In a Riddle I give you their Power and their Title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?
* *Not I, by my Troth, Sir.*—Then read it again, Sir.

* The Dean's Anſwer.

The Reaſon I ſend you theſe Lines of Rhymes double,
Is purely through Pity to ſave you the Trouble
Of thinking two Hours for a Rhyme as you did laſt;
When your *Pegaſus* canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.

As for my little Nag, which I keep at *Parnaſſus*
With *Phœbus*'s Leave, to run with his Aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery Steed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

D—n *S*——'s Anſwer to the Reverend Dr. *SHERIDAN*.

SIR,

IN reading your Letter alone in my Hackney,
Your damnable Riddle, my poor Brains did rack nigh.
And when with much Labour the Matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in Matter of Fact.

A Woman's no Sieve (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe let's out more than e'er ſhe takes in.

And that ſhe's a Riddle, can never be right,
For a Riddle is dark, but a Woman is *light.*
But grant her a Sieve, I can ſay ſomething archer,
Pray what is a Man? he's a fine Linen *Searcher.*

Now tell me a Thing that wants Interpretation,
What Name for a * Maid, was the firſt Man's Damnation?
If your Worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *Rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my *Phœbus.*

From my Hackney-Coach, Sept, 11, 1712. *paſt* 12 *at Noon.*

The FAGGOT.

Written in the Year 1713, *when the Queen's Miniſters were quarreling among themſelves* †.

OBSERVE the dying Father ſpeak:
Try, Lads, can you this Bundle break;
Then bids the youngeſt of the Six,
Take up a well-bound Heap of ſticks.

* *Vir Gin.* † See more of the Author's Endeavours to procure a Reconcilement among them, in Mr. *Pope*'s Proſe Works, Vol. IX. Letter II, V. *&c.*

They thought it was an old Man's Maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the Faggot:
In vain: The complicated Wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their Hands.
See, ſaid the Sire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be in Friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke if you divide.
Keep cloſe then Boys, and never quarrel,
Here ends the Fable and the Moral.

THIS Tale may be apply'd in few Words
To Treaſurers, Comptrollers, Stewards,
And others, who in ſolemn Sort
Appear with ſlender Wands and Court:
Not firmly join'd to keep their Ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe Men think they ought to fight
With *Quarter*-ſtaves, inſtead of *White*;
Or conſtable with *Staff* of Peace,
Should come and make the Clatt'ring ceaſe;
Which now diſturbs the Queen and Court,
And gives the *Whigs* and Rabble Sport.

IN Hiſtory we never found,
The Conſul's *Faſces* were unbound;
Thoſe *Romans* were too wiſe to think on't,
Except to laſh ſome grand Delinquent.

How

How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's Head;
Or, Conſul in his Purple Gown,
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down?

COME, Courtiers: Every Man his Stick:
Lord-Treaſurer, for once be quick;
And, that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue Ribbon for a String.
Come, trimming *Harcourt*, bring your Mace;
And ſqeeze it in, or quit your Place:
Diſpatch; or elſe that R——l *Northey* *
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And, be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er Sticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the Bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great *Ormond* lend thy Gen'ral's Staff:
And, if the *Croſier* could be cramm'd in,
A Fig for *Lechmere*, *King*, and *Hambden*.
You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt *Whig*,
With both his Hands to bend a Twig.
Though with united Strength they all pull,
From *Somers* down to *Craiggs* and *W*——

* Sir *Edw. N.* Attor. Gen. brought in by Lord *H.* yet very deſirous of the Great Seal.

The

The AUTHOR upon himſelf.

Written in the Year 1713.

A few of the firſt Lines were wanting in the Copy ſent us by a Friend of the Author's.

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

BY an———————————purſu'd
A crazy [a] P——, and a R——[b] Prude;
By dull Divines, who look with envious Eyes,
On ev'ry Genius that attempts to riſe;
And pauſing o'er a Pipe, with doubtful Nod,
Give Hints, that Poets ne'er believe in God;
So, Clowns on Scholars as on Wizards look,
And take a Folio for a conj'ring Book.

S——had the Sin of Wit, no venial Crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in Rhime;
Humour, and Mirth, had Place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd Divinity and Wit:
He mov'd and bow'd and talk'd with too much Grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *Parſon* in his Gait or Face;
Deſpis'd luxurious Wines, and coſtly Meat;
Yet ſtill was at the Tables of the Great;

[a] Dr. *Sh.* A—b—p of *York.* [b] Her late M—y Q. *A.*

Frequented

Frequented Lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen;*
At *Child*'s or *Truby*'s never once had been;
Where Town and Country Vicars flock in Tribes,
Secur'd by Numbers from the Lay-mens Gibes;
And deal in Vices of the graver Sort,
Tobacco, Cenſure, Coffee, Pride, and Port.

But, after ſage Monitions from his Friends,
His talents to employ for nobler Ends;
To better Judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to Politicks his dang'rous Wit.

And now the publick Int'reſt to ſupport,
By *Harley S——* invited, comes to Court.
In Favor grows with miniſters of State;
Admitted private, when Superiors wait:
And, *Harley*, not aſham'd his Choice to own,
Takes him to *Windſor* in his Coach, alone.
At *Windſor S——* no ſooner can appear,
But * *St. John* comes and whiſpers in his Ear:
The Waiters ſtand in Ranks; the Yeomen cry
Make Room; as if a Duke were paſſing by.

Now *F—nch* alarms the Lords: he hears for certain,
This dang'rous Prieſt is got behind the Curtain.

* *Then Secretary of State, now Lord* Bolingbroke.

F—— fam'd for tedious Elocution, proves
That *S*—oils many a Spring which *Harley* moves.
W——and *Aſſabie* to clear the Doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the Secret's out:
" A certain Doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain Miniſter of State:
" From whence, with half an Eye we may diſ-
cover
" The Peace is made, and *Perkin* muſt come
over.
Y—is from *Lambeth* ſent, to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous Treatiſe writ againſt the Spleen[a];
Which by the Style, the Matter, and the Drift,
'Tis thought could be the Work of none but *S*——
Poor *Y*——! the harmleſs Tool of others Hate;
He ſues for Pardon[b], and repents too late.
Now,——— her Vengeance vows
On S——'s Reproaches for her———:
From her red Locks her Mouth with Venom fills;
And thence into the R——l Ear inſtils.
The Q—— incens'd, his Services forgot,
[c] Leaves him a Victim to the vengeful *Scot*.

[a] Tale of a Tub.

[b] His Grace was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and ſent a Meſſage to the Author to deſire his Pardon.

[c] The Proclamation was againſt the Author of a Pamphlet called, *The publick Spirit of the Whigs*, againſt which the *Scotch* Lords complained.

Now

Now thro' the Realm a Proclamation[d] ſpread,
To fix a Price on his devoted Head.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble Flight;
His watchful Friends preſerve him by a Sleight.

By *Harley*'s Favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by Candidate Divines;
Who change Opinions with the changing Scene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now, *D—l—w—re* again familiar grows;[e]
And in *S—t*'s Ear thruſts half his powder'd Noſe.
The *Scottiſh* Nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that *S—* would be their Friend[f].

By Faction tir'd, with Grief he waits a while,
His great contending Friends to reconcile,
Performs what Friendſhip, Juſtice, Truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire[g]?

[d] Againſt the A. of *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs.*

[e] *D—*then Lord Tr—r of the Houſhold, always careſſing the A. at Court: But during the Tryal of the Printers before the H. of Lords, and while the Proclamation hung over the A. his Lordſhip would not ſeem to know him, till the Danger was paſt.

[f] The *Scotch* L—ds treated and viſited the A. more after the Proclamation than before, except the D. of *A—* who would never be reconciled.

[g] "About ten Weeks before the Queen's Death, I left the Town, upon Occaſion of that incurable Breach among the Great Men at Court, and went down to *Berkſhire.*" Mr. *Pope's Proſe Works*, Vol. IX. Let. V.

In

In SICKNESS.

Written ſoon after the Author's coming to live in Ireland, *upon the Queen's Death*, Oct. 1714.

'TIS true,—then why ſhould I repine,
To ſee my Life ſo faſt decline?
But, why obſcurely here alone?
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My State of Health none care to learn;
My Life is here no Soul's Concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a Tear will tend my Herſe.
Remov'd from kind *Arbuthnot*'s Aid,
Who knows his Art, but not the Trade:
Preferring his Regard for me
Before his Credit, or his Fee.
Some formal Viſits, Looks, and Words,
What mere Humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the Sick for Pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender Friend
To help at my approaching End.
My Life is now a Burden grown
To others, e're it be my own.

YE formal Weepers for the Sick,
In your laſt Offices be quick:
And ſpare my abſent Friends the Grief
To hear, yet give me no Relief;
Expir'd To-day, entomb'd To-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double Sorrow.

To the Earl of *OXFORD*, late Lord Treaſurer. Sent to him when he was in the *Tower*, before his Trial.

Out of HORACE

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his Country dies,
Since Death purſues the Coward as he flies.
The Youth, in vain, would fly from Fate's Attack,
With trembling Knees, and Terror at his Back;
Though Fear ſhould lend him Pinions like the Wind,
Yet ſwifter Fate will ſeize him from behind.

VIRTUE repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted Honour ſhine;

Nor ſtoops to take the *Staff*, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the Rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

VIRTUE, to crown her Fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten Paſſage to the Sky;
Where *Jove* a Seat among the Gods will give
To thoſe who die, for meriting to live.

NEXT, faithful Silence hath a ſure Reward;
Within our Breaſt be ev'ry Secret barr'd:
He who betrays his Friend ſhall never be
Under one Roof, or in one Ship with me.
For, who with Traytors would his Safety truſt,
Leſt with the Wicked, Heaven involve the Juſt?
And though the Villain 'ſcape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a Blood-hound, at his Heels.

Ad AMICUM Eruditum.
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Scripſit *Oct. Ann. Dom.* 1717.

DELICIÆ *Sheridan* Muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen *Apollo*
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſve ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles;

Malles; dic, *Sheridan*, quiſnam fuit ille Deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula *Pallas*
Aſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbra ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur palmas tibi, Mus dedit, Ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum Tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
Aſt illi cauſas orant; his inſula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.

NATALIS te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus *Apollo*
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.

QUIN tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.

TE dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: Nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.

AUREUS at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

APOLLO to the *DEAN.*

Written in the Year 1720.

RIGHT Truſty and ſo forth,—We let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you Mortals below.
For firſt, I have often by Chemiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make Gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that, whenever I ſhine,
I forward the Graſs, and I ripen the Vine;
To me the good Fellows apply for Relief,
Without whom they could get neither *Claret*, nor *Beef*:

Yet

Yet their Wine and their Victuals theſe Curmudgeon Lubbards
Lock up from my Sight, in Cellars and Cupboards.
That I have an ill Eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their Meat, and ſour all their Drink.
But thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical Crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each Boy in the College,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my Knowledge.
This ev'ry Pretender to Rhime will admit,
Without troubling his Head about Judgment or Wit.
Theſe Gentlemen uſe me with Kindneſs and Freedom,
And as for their Works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on Counters and Stalls,
And the Titles I view, when I ſhine on the Walls.
But a Comrade of yours, that Traitor *Delany*,
Whom I for your Sake, love better than any,
And of *my mere Motion, and ſpecial good Grace*,
Intended in Time to ſucceed in your Place,
On *Tueſday*, the Tenth, ſeditiouſly came,
With a certain falſe, Traitreſs, one *Stella* by Name,

To the *Deanery* Houſe, and on the *North* Glaſs,
Where for Fear of the Cold I never can paſs;
Then and there, *Vi & Armis*, with a certain Utenſil,
Of Value five Shillings, in *Engliſh* a Pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſly, and trait'rouſly write,
Whilſt *Stella* aforeſaid ſtood by with a Light.
My Siſter has lately depos'd upon Oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her Courſe to look at 'em both:
That *Stella* was helping, abetting and aiding;
And ſtill as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her Eyes were as bright as myſelf at Noonday.
But her graceful black Locks were mingled with grey;
And by the Deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the Nymph that I courted ſome ten Years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my Talents endu'd
On her Promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the Prude:
That ſome Verſes were writ with felonious Intent,
Direct to the *North*, where I never went:
That the Letters appear'd reverſe thro' the Pane,
But in *Stella*'s bright Eyes they were plac'd right again;
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read ev'ry Line,
And preſently gueſs'd the Fancy was mine.

Now

Now you ſee, why his Verſes ſo ſeldom are
ſhewn;
The Reaſon is plain, they're none of his own;
And obſerve while you live, that no Man is ſhy
To diſcover the Goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a Thought, he'll certainly ſteal it,
And when he has got it, find Ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine Things he keeps in the Dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has my
Mark;
And let them be ſeen by the World if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ſtolen Ware.
But as for the Poem he writ on your Saſh,
I think I have now got him under my Laſh;
My Siſter tranſcrib'd it laſt Night to his Sorrow,
And the Publick ſhall ſee't, if I live till To-mor-
row.
Thro' the *Zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all Parts of the Globe, where your Language
is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a Refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my Aid in the Forms that are
uſual:
But the Secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few Verſes on you, as my Friend:
I ſtudied a Fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my Chariot a Thought to my Mind,

And reſolv'd the next Winter, (for that is my
Time,
When the Days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in
Rhime;
'Till then it was lock'd in my Box at *Parnaſ-*
ſus:
When that ſubtle Companion, in hopes to ſur-
paſs us,
Conveys out my Paper of Hints by a Trick,
(For I think in my Conſcience he deals with *old*
Nick)
And from my own Stock provided with To-
picks,
He gets to a Window beyond both the Tro-
picks;
There out of my Sight, juſt againſt the *North*
Zone,
Writes down my Conceits, and calls them his
own;
And you, like a Cully, the Bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but *Delany*, that writes like *Apollo*?
High Treaſon by Statute! But here you object,
He only ſtole Hints, but the Verſe is correct;
Tho' the Thought be *Apollo*'s, 'tis finely ex-
preſs'd.
So a Thief ſteals my Horſe, and has him well
dreſs'd.

Now

Now whereas the ſaid Criminal ſeems paſt Repentance,
We *Phœbus* think fit to proceed to the Sentence.
Since *Delany* has dar'd, like *Prometheus* his Sire,
To climb to our Region, and thence to ſteal Fire;
We order a Vulture, in Shape of the Spleen,
To prey on his Liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our Subjects of ev'ry Degree,
To believe all his Verſes were written by me:
And, under the Pain of our higheſt Diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the Rhime and the Meaſure.
And laſtly, for *Stella* juſt out of her Prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.
In return to her Scorn, I ſent her Diſeaſes,
But will now be her Friend, whenever ſhe pleaſes.
And the Gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a Lover,
Tho' ſhe lives to be grey as a Badger all over.

An ELEGY *on the much lamented Death of Mr.* Demar, *the famous rich Uſurer, who died the Sixth of* July 1720.

Written in the Year 1720.

KNOW all Men by theſe Preſents, Death the Tamer
By *Mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *Corps* of *Demar*;
Nor can *four Hundred Thouſand Sterling Pound*
Redeem him from his *Priſon* under Ground.
His Heirs might well, of all his Wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one Iron Cheſt.
Plutus the God of Wealth, will joy to know,
His faithful Steward, in the Shades below.
He walk'd the Streets, and wore a thread-bare Cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at Charge of other Folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his Palms,
He might be thought an Object fit for Alms;
So, to the Poor if he refus'd his Pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

WHERE'ER he went, he never ſaw his *Betters*;
Lords, *Knights* and '*Squires*, were all his humble Debtors;

And

And under *Hand* and *Seal*, the *Iriſh* Nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *Obligation*.

He that could once have half a Kingdom bought,
In half a Minute is not worth a Groat.
His *Coffers* from the *Coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *Int'reſt* keep him from the Grave.
A golden Monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the Earth upon him light.

Oh *London* Tavern! thou haſt loſt a Friend,
Tho' in thy Walls he ne'er did Farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *Pence* when others *touch'd* the *Pot*;
The Hand that ſign'd the Mortgage paid the Shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known Diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a Pow'r to ſeize;
But as his Gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpight,
Caſt in his Dart, which made three Moidores light;
And as he ſaw his darling *Money* fail,
Blew his laſt Breath to ſink the lighter Scale.

He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhou'd now be *cry'd down* ſince his *Change*.

The

THE *Sexton* ſhall green Sods on thee beſtow:
Alas, the *Sexton* is thy *Banker* now
A diſmal *Banker* muſt that *Banker* be,
Who gives no *Bills* but of *Mortality.*

The EPITAPH.

BENEATH this verdant Hillock *lies*
Demar *the* Wealthy, *and the* Wife.
His Heirs, *that he might ſafely reſt,*
Have put his Carcaſe *in a* Cheſt;
The very Cheſt, *in which they ſay,*
His other ſelf, *his* Money *lay.*
And if his Heirs *continue kind*
To that dear Self *he left behind,*
I dare believe, that Four in Five
Will think his better Self *alive.*

The

The Run upon the BANKERS

Written in the Year 1720.

I.

THE bold Encroachers on the Deep,
Gain by Degrees huge Tracts of Land,
Till *Neptune* with one gen'ral Sweep
Turns all again to barren Strand.

II.

The Multitude's capricious Pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the Seas;
Breaking the *Bankers* and the *Banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

III.

Money, the Life-blood of the Nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the Veins,
Unleſs a proper *Circulation*
Its Motion and its Heat maintains.

IV.

Becauſe 'tis *Lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *Aldermen*, in State,

Like

Like *Peers*, have *Levees* ev'ry Day
Of duns attending at their Gate.

V.

We want our Money on the Nail;
The Banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient Tale;
The *Birds* are met to ſtrip the *Jays*.

VI.

Riches the wiſeſt Monarch ſings,
Make Pinions for themſelves to fly:
They fly like Bats, on *Parchment Wings*,
And Geeſe their *Silver* Plumes ſupply.

VII.

No Money left for ſquand'ring Heirs!
Bills turn the Lenders into Debtors:
The wiſh of *Nero* now is theirs,
That they *had never known their Letters*.

VIII.

Conceive the Works of Midnight Hags,
Tormenting Fools behind their Backs.
Thus Bankers o'er their Bills and Bags
Sit ſqueezing *Images of Wax*.

IX.

IX.

Conceive the whole Enchantment broke;
The Witches left in open Air,
With Pow'r no more than other Folk,
Expos'd with all their *Magick* Ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a Banker's Bills,
Where Creditors demand their Due;
They break up Counters, Doors and Tills,
And leave the empty Cheſts in View.

XI.

Thus when an Earthquake lets in Light
Upon the God of *Gold* and *Hell*,
Unable to endure the Sight,
He hides within his darkeſt Cell.

XII.

As when a Conj'rer takes a Leaſe
From *Satan* for a Term of Years,
The Tenant's in a diſmal Caſe
Whene'er the *bloody Bond* appears.

XIII.

XIII.

A *baited* Banker thus desponds,
From his own Hand foresees his Fall;
They have his *Soul* who have his *Bonds*;
'Tis like the *Writing on the Wall.*

XIV.

How will the Caitiff Wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last Trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *Grand Account* to make?

XV.

For in that universal *Call*
Few Bankers will to Heav'n be Mounters;
They'll cry, *Ye* Shops, *upon us fall*,
Conceal and *cover us*, *ye* Counters!

XVI.

When *other* Hands the *Scales* shall hold,
And they in *Men and Angels Sight*,
Produc'd with all their Bills and Gold,
Weigh'd in the Ballance, and found light.

The Deſcription of an Iriſh *Feaſt, tranſlated almoſt literally out of the original* Iriſh.

Tranſlated in the Year 1720.

O *ROURK*'s noble Fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.
His Revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine
On ſeven Score Sheep,
Fat Bullocks and Swine.
Uſquebaugh to our Feaſt
In Pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a * Madder our Cup.
O there is the Sport!
We riſe with the Light,
In diſorderly Sort,
From ſnoring all Night.
O how was I trick'd!
My Pipe it was broke,
My Pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new Cloak.

* Wooden Veſſel.

I'm

I'm rifled, quoth *Nell*,
Of Mantle and [a] Kercher:
Why then fare them well,
The De'el take the Searcher.
Come, Harper, ſtrike up,
But firſt, by your Favor,
Boy, give us a Cup:
Ah! this has ſome Savour.
O Rourk's jolly Boys
Ne'er dreamt of the Matter,
Till rous'd by the Noiſe,
And muſical Clatter,
They bounce from their Neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without one *Ave Mary*.
They dance in a Round,
Cutting Capers and Ramping;
A Mercy the Ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The Floor is all wet
With Leaps and with Jumps,
While the Water and Sweat,
Spliſh ſplaſh in their Pumps.
Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
By my Hand, you dance rarely,
[b] *Margery Grinagin*.

Bring

[a] Handkerchief. [b] The Name of an *Iriſh* Woman.

Bring Straw for our Bed,
Shake it down to the Feet,
Then over us ſpred,
The winnowing Sheet.
To ſhow I don't flinch,
Fill the Bowl up again,
Then give us a Pinch
Of your Sneezing, [a] *a Yean.*
Good Lord, what a Sight,
After all their good Cheer,
For People to fight
In the midſt of their Beer?
They riſe from their Feaſt,
And hot are their Brains,
A Cubit at leaſt
The Length of their [b] Skeans.
What Stabs and what Cuts,
What clatt'ring of Sticks;
What Strokes on the Guts,
What Baſtings and Kicks!
With Cudgels of Oak,
Well harden'd in Flame,
An hundred Heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame!

[a] An *Iriſh* Word for a Woman.
[b] Daggers, or ſhort Swords.

You Churl, I'll maintain
My Father built *Luſk*,
The Caſtle of *Slain*,
And *Carrick Drumruſk*:
The Earl of *Kildare*
And *Moynalta* his Brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurſt by their Mother.
Aſk that of old *Madam*,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as *Adam*,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that Beam,
If Cudgels are ſcarce,
A Blow on the Weam,
Or a Kick on the A—ſe.

A French *Gentleman dining with some Company on a Fast-day, called for some Bacon and Eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a Sin: Whereupon he wrote the following Lines,* extempore, *which are here translated.*

PEUT on croire avec bon sens
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un hareng,
C'est un secret pour luy plaire?
En sa gloire envellopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé?

In *ENGLISH.*

WHO can believe with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence,
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
Almighty Vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

The Author having written a Treatiſe, adviſing the People of Ireland *to wear their own Manufactures; a Proſecution was ſet on Foot againſt* Waters *the Printer of it, which was carried on with ſo much Violence, that one* Whitſhed, *then Chief Juſtice, thought proper, in a manner the moſt extraordinary, to keep the Grand Jury above twelve Hours, and to ſend them eleven times out of Court, until he had wearied them into a ſpecial Verdict.*

An Excellent new SONG on a ſeditious Pamphlet,

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the Year 1720.

BROCADO's and Damaſks, and Tabbies, and Gawſes,
Are by *Robert Ballentine* lately brought over,
With Forty Things more: now hear what the Law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's Lover.
Tho' a Printer and Dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true *Iriſh* Hearts from old *England* to wean;
We'll

We'll buy *Engliſh* Silks for our Wives and our Daughters,
In Spite of his Deanſhip and Journeyman *Waters*.

II.

In *England* the Dead in Woollen are clad,
The Dean and his Printer then let us cry Fye on;
To be cloath'd like a Carcaſe would make a Teague mad,
Since a living Dog better is than a dead Lion.
Our Wives they grow ſullen
At Wearing of Woollen,
And all we poor Shopkeepers muſt our Horns pull in.
Then we'll buy *Engliſh* Silks, *&c.*

III.

Whoever our Trading with *England* would hinder,
To *inflame* both the Nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe *Iriſh* Linen will ſoon turn to Tinder;

And Wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes Fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand Jury,
When they ſaw the Dean's Book they were in a great Fury:
They would buy *Engliſh* Silks for their Wives, *&c.*

IV.

This wicked Rogue *Waters*, who always is ſinning,
And before *Corum nobus* ſo oft has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither Pamphlets nor Linen,
And, if Swearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy *Engliſh* Silks for our Wives and our Daughters,
In ſpight of his Deanſhip and Journeyman *Waters*.

Carberiæ Rupes in Comitatu Corgagenſi *apud* Hybernicos.

Scripſit *Jun. Ann. Dom.* 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis *Neptunus* in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, & *Pelion* altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.

SÆPE etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo,
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſuperne.
Fornice ſublimi nidos ſtruxere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum ſævit hiems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum; veniente procellâ,
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens aſſueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

We have added a Tranſlation of the preceding Poem, for the Benefit of our Engliſh *Readers. It is done by Mr.* W. Dunkin, *M. A. for whom our ſuppoſed Author hath expreſſed a great Regard, on Account of his ingenious Performances, although unacquainted with him.*

Carbery *Rocks in the County of* Cork, Ireland.

LO! from the Top of yonder Cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy Head amidſt the azure Clouds,
Hangs a huge Fragment; deſtitute of Props
Prone on the Waves the rocky Ruin drops!
With hoarſe Rebuff the ſwelling Seas rebound,
From Shore to Shore the Rocks return the Sound:
The dreadful Murmur Heaven's high Convex cleaves,
And *Neptune* ſhrinks beneath his ſubject Waves:
For, long the whirling Winds and beating Tides
Had ſcoop'd a Vault into its nether Sides.
Now yields the Baſe, the Summits nod, now urge
Their headlong Courſe, and laſh the ſounding Surge.
Not louder Noiſe could ſhake the guilty World,
When *Jove* heap'd Mountains upon Mountains hurl'd;

Retorting

Retorting *Pelion* from his dread Abode,
To cruſh Earth's Rebel-ſons beneath the Load.

Oft too with hideous Yawn the Cavern wide
Preſents an Orifice on either Side,
A diſmal Orifice from Sea to Sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the Rocks ſtupendous form
An Arch, the Ruin of a future Storm:
High on the Cliff their Neſts the Woodqueſts make,
And Sea-calves ſtable in the oozy Lake.

But when bleak Winter with his ſullen Train
Awakes the Winds, to vex the watry Plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without Controul,
Big with the Blaſt, the raging Billows roul;
Not Towns beleagur'd, not the flaming Brand,
Darted from Heav'n by *Jove*'s avenging Hand,
Oft as on impious Men his Wrath he pours,
Humbles their Pride, and blaſts their gilded Tow'rs,
Equal the Tumult of this wild Uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er Waves, rebellows Shore to Shore.
The neigh'bring Race, tho' wont to brave the Shocks
Of angry Seas, and run along the Rocks,
Now pale with Terror, while the Ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native Homes.

The

THE Goats, while pendent from the Mountain-top
The wither'd Herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the Precipice with sudden Sweep,
Leave their sweet Lives beneath th' unfathom'd Deep.

THE frighted Fisher with desponding Eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling in the Harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the Skies serene,
Wearies with Vows the Monarch of the Main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVER'D BY *HARLEQUIN*

The Biſhop of *Rocheſter*'s *French* Dog[b].

In a Dialogue between a *Whig* and *Tory*.

Written in the Year 1723.

I Aſk'd a Whig the other Night,
How came this wicked Plot to Light?
He anſwer'd, that a *Dog* of late
Inform'd a M——r of State.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For, are not all Informers ſo?
A Villain who his Friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other Phraſe;

[b] See the Proceedings in Parliament againſt the Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, *State Trials*, Vol. VI.

And

And ſo a perjur'd *Dog* denotes
Porter, and *Prendergaſt*, and *Oates*,
And forty others I could name.
Whig. But you muſt know this Dog was lame.
Tory. A weighty Argument indeed;
Your *Evidence* was *lame.* Proceed:
Come, help your *lame Dog o'er the Style.*
Whig. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *Dog*, without a Joke,
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
Tory. I'm ſtill to ſeek which *Dog* you mean;
Whether Curr *Plunkett*, or Whelp *Skean*,
An *Engliſh*, or an *Iriſh* Hound;
Or t'other Puppy that was drown'd;
Or *Maſon*, that abandon'd Bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For, ev'ry Stander-by was marking
That all the Noiſe they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the *Dogs* have got
The Dogs-heads in the Porridge Pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe Men ſay,
That, *ev'ry Dog muſt have his Day.*
Dog *W*— laid a Quart of *Nog* on't,
He'd either *make a Hog or Dog on't*;
And lookt, ſince he has got his Wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a Diſh.*
Yet, this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon *return to his own Vomit.*

Whig.

Whig. Beſides, this horrid Plot was found
By *Neynoe* after he was drown'd.
Tory. Why then the Proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead Dogs* to bite.
Whig. I prov'd my Propoſition full:
But *Jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now, let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our Witneſs is a real *Curr*,
A *Dog* of Spirit for his Years,
Has twice two Legs, two hanging Ears;
His Name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a Name in ev'ry *Plot*:
Reſolv'd to ſave the *Britiſh* Nation,
Tho' *French* by Birth and Education;
His Correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated*,
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe Committee:
Confeſt as plain as he could bark:
Then with his Fore foot ſet his *Mark*.
Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *Dog* in *Doublet*:
The Matter now no longer ſticks;
For Stateſmen never want *Dog-Tricks*.
But, ſince it was a real Curr,
And not a *Dog* in Metaphor,
I give you Joy of the Report,
That he's to have a Place at C——.

Whig.

Whig. Yes, and a Place he will grow rich in;
A Turn-ſpit in the R——K——.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had Occaſion for a Plot:
And, when we found the *Dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the Biſhop's Foot was in it.

Tory. I own it was a dang'rous Project;
And you have prov'd it by *Dog-Logick*.
Sure ſuch Intelligence between
A *Dog* and B—— ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the Breed;
Your Biſhops all are *D—gs* indeed.

JOAN *cudgels* NED.

Written in the Year 1723.

JOAN cudgels *Ned*, yet *Ned*'s a Bully;
Will cudgels *Beſs*, yet *Will*'s a Cully.
Die *Ned* and *Beſs*; give will to *Joan*,
She dares not ſay, her Life's her own.
Die *Joan* and *Will*; give *Beſs* to *Ned*,
And ev'ry Day ſhe *combs his Head*.

STELLA at *Wood Park.*

A Houſe of Charles Ford, *Eſq; eight Miles from* Dublin.

——— Cuicumque nocere volebat
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the Year 1723.

DON *Carlos* in a merry Spight,
Did *Stella* to his Houſe invite.
He entertain'd her half a Year
With gen'rous Wines and coſtly Chear.
Don *Carlos* made her chief Director,
That ſhe might o'er the Servants hector.
In half a Week the Dame grew nice,
Got all Things at the higheſt Price.
Now at the Table-Head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt Bits:
She look'd on Partridges with Scorn,
Except they taſted of the Corn:
A Haunch of Ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *Fumette*.
Don *Carlos* earneſtly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this Pigeon's Leg;
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a Quail.

Through

Through Candle-Light ſhe view'd the Wine,
To ſee that ev'ry Glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the D——l,
With Feeding high and Treatment civil,
Don *Carlos* now began to find
His Malice work as he deſign'd:
The Winter-Sky began to frown,
Poor *Stella* muſt pack off to Town;
From purling Streams and Fountains bubbling,
To [a] *Liffy*'s ſtinking Tide at *Dublin*:
From wholeſome Exerciſe and Air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy Chair:
From Stomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a Lady breeding:
From ruling there the Houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by [b] *Dingly*:
From ev'ry Day a lordly Banquet,
To half a Joint, and *God be thanked*:
From ev'ry Meal, *Pontack* in Plenty,
To half a Pint one Day in twenty.
From *Ford* attending at her Call,
To Viſits of———
From *Ford*, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor Doings of the D—n:
From growing Riches, with good Chear,
To running out, by ſtarving here.

[a] The River that runs through *Dublin*.
[b] A Lady: The two Ladies lodg'd together.

BUT now arrives the diſmal Day;
She muſt return to [c] *Ormond Key*.
The Coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd and ſwore,
The Raſcal had miſtook the Door:
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The Entry bruſh'd againſt her Hoop:
Each Moment riſing in her Airs,
She curſt the narrow winding Stairs:
Began a thouſand Faults to ſpy;
The Cieling hardly ſix Foot high;
The ſmutty Wainſcot full of Cracks:
And half the Chairs with broken Backs:
Her Quarter's out at *Lady-Day*,
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay,
In Lodgings, like a poor *Grizette*,
While there are Lodgings to be let.

HOWE'ER, to keep her Spirits up,
She ſent for Company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape *Wood Park*.
Two Bottles call'd for (half her Store,
The Cupboard could contain but four:)
A Supper worthy of herſelf,
Five Nothings in five Plates of *Delph*.

[c] Where the two Ladies lodged.

THUS

THUS for a Week the Farce went on;
When all her Country-Savings gone,
She fell into her former Scene,
Small Beer, a Herring, and the D——n.

THUS far in Jeſt: Though now, I fear,
You think my Jeſting too ſevere;
But Poets, when a Hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet Raillery gives no Offence,
Where Truth has not the leaſt Pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd,
Than on a Nymph of *Stella*'s Taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your Wine and Victle
I was too hard upon, a little:
Your Table neat, your Linen fine;
And, though in Miniature, you ſhine:
Yet, when you ſigh to leave *Wood-Park*,
The Scene, the Welcome, and the Spark,
To languiſh in this odious Town,
And pull your haughty Stomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the Caſe,
The Virtue lies not in the Place:
For, though my Raillery were true,
A Cottage is *Wood-Park* with you.

A quibbling ELEGY on the Worſhipful Judge *Boat*.

Written in the Year 1723.

TO mournful Ditties, *Clio*, change thy Note,
Since cruel Fate hath *ſunk* our Juſtice *Boat*.
Why ſhould he *ſink* where nothing ſeem'd to preſs?
His *Lading* little, and his *Ballaſt* leſs.
Toſt in the *Waves* of this *tempeſtuous* World,
At length, his *Anchor* fixt, and *Canvas* furl'd,
To *Lazy-Hill*[d] retiring from his Court,
At his[d] *Ring's End*, he *founders* in the *Port*.
With[e] *Water* fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common Death of many a ſtronger *Boat*.

A Poſt ſo fill'd, on Nature's Laws entrenches:
Benches on *Boats* are plac'd, not *Boats* on *Benches*;
And yet our *Boat*, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a *Boat*, and in one Senſe a *Pilot*.

[d] Two Villages near the Sea, where Boatmen and Seamen live.

[e] It was ſaid he died of a Dropſy.

With ev'ry *Wind* he *ſail'd*, and well cou'd *tack*:
Had many *Pendents*, but abhorr'd a [f] *Jack*.
He's gone, although his Friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a *Rope*.

BEHOLD the awful *Bench* on which he ſat,
He was as *hard*, and pond'rous *Wood* as that:
Yet, when his *Sand* was out we find at laſt,
That, Death has *overſet* him with a *Blaſt*.
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the *Stygian* Ferry,
There to ſupply old *Charon*'s leaky Wherry:
Charon in him will ferry Souls to Hell:
A Trade, our [g] *Boat* hath practis'd here ſo well.
And, *Cerberus* hath ready in his Raws,
Both *Pitch* and *Brimſtone* to fill up his *Flaws*;
Yet, ſpite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *Poſt* again,
The Way is thus; and well deſerves your Thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken Planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the Triple-Tree near [h] *Stephen*'s *Green*;

[f] A Cant Word for a *Jacobite*.
[g] In hanging People as a Judge.
[h] Where the *Dublin* Gallows ſtands.

And, when we view it thus with Thief at End on't,
We'll cry; Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *Pendant*.

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat *within a Coffin,*
Pray, Gentle-folks forbear your Scoffing,
A Boat a *Judge! yes, where's the Blunder?*
A Wooden *Judge is no such Wonder.*
And in his Robes, you must agree,
No Boat *was better* deckt, *than He.*
'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
In short, he was an able Sculler.

Query, Whether the Author meant *Scholar*, and wilfully mistook.

A Re-

A RECEIPT to reſtore *Stella*'s Youth.

Written in the Year 1724-5.

THE *Scottiſh* Hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty Nights their ſtarving Cows,
While not a Blade of Graſs or Hay
Appears from *Michaelmas* to *May*,
Muſt let their Cattle range in vain
For Food, along the barren Plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but Skin and Bone;
Expos'd to Want, and Wind and Weather,
They juſt keep Life and Soul together,
'Till Summer Show'rs and Evening's Dew,
Again the verdant Glebe renew:
And as the Vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd Cow her Want ſupplies;
Without an Ounce of laſt Year's Fleſh,
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of Mettle,
As riſing from *Medea*'s Kettle;
With Youth and Beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit Gallant.

WHY, *Stella*, ſhould you knit your Brow,
If I compare you to the Cow?

'Tis juſt the Caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your Fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer Days
Be ſent to [k] *Quilca* down to graze;
Where Mirth, and Exerciſe, and Air,
Will ſoon your Appetite repair:
The Nutriment will from within
Round all your Body plump your Skin;
Will agitate the Lazy Flood,
And fill your Veins with ſprightly Blood:
Nor fleſh nor Blood will be the ſame,
Nor ought of *Stella* but the Name;
For, what was ever underſtood
By human Kind, but Fleſh and Blood?
And if your Fleſh and Blood be new,
You'll be no more your former *You*;
But for a blooming Nymph will paſs
Juſt Fifteen, coming Summer's Graſs:
Your jetty Locks with Garlands crown'd;
While all the Squires from nine Miles round,
Attended by a Brace of Curs,
With Jocky Boots and Silver Spurs;
No leſs than Juſtices o' *Quorum*,
Their Cow-Boys bearing Cloaks before 'um:
Shall leave deciding broken Pates,
To kiſs your Steps at *Quilca* Gates.

[k] A Friend's Houſe, ſeven or eight Miles from *Dublin*.

But

But, leſt you ſhould my Skill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of Caſe;
For if to *Michaelmas* you ſtay,
The new-born Fleſh will melt away;
The 'Squires in Scorn will fly the Houſe
For better Game, and look for Grouſe:
But here, before the Froſt can marr it,
We'll make it firm with Beef and Claret.

* WHITSHED's *Motto on his Coach.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.
Liberty and my native Country.

Written in the Year 1724.

LIBERTAS & natale Solum;
Fine Words! I wonder where you ſtole 'um.
Could nothing but my chief Reproach,
Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale Solum: My Eſtate:
My dear Eſtate how well I love it!
My Tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:

* The Juſtice who proſecuted the *Drapier*.

They

They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them till I ſqueeze their Blood.

LIBERTAS bears a large Import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a Court;
And, Secondly, to ſhew my Fury
Againſt an un-complying Jury;
And, Thirdly, 'tis a new Invention
To favour *Wood* and keep my Penſion;
And, Fourthly, 'tis to play an odd Trick,
Get the Great Seal, and turn out *Brod'rick*.
And, Fifthly, you know whom I mean,
To humble that vexatious Dean.
And, Sixthly, for my Soul, to barter it
For fifty Times its Worth, to *C———t*.

Now, ſince your Motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas & natale Solum;
You had good Reaſon when you ſtole 'um.

Sent by Dr. *Delany* to Dr. S——, in order to be admitted to ſpeak to him.

Written in the Year 1724.

DEAR Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard
Your Ears and Doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a Friend at Night ſhould cheer you,
A Friend that loves to ſee and hear you:
Why am I robb'd of that Delight,
When you can be no Loſer by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no Gainer.
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your Concern.
Then be your Doors no longer barr'd,
Your Buſineſs, Sir, is to be heard.

The ANSWER.

THE Wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great Loſs to loſe an Ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by Experience one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the Head,
And there's an End; the Man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human Race,
None e'er was known to have a Brace,
But confidently they maintain,
That, where we find the Members twain,
The Loſs of one is no ſuch Trouble,
Since t'other will in Strength be double;
The Limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his Brother's lawful Heir:
Thus for a Trial, let me beg of
Your Rev'rence, but to cut one Leg off,
And you ſhall find by this Device,
The other will be ſtronger, twice;
For, ev'ry Day you ſhall be gaining
New Vigour to the Leg remaining.
So, when an Eye hath loſt its Brother,
You ſee the better with the other:

Cut

Cut off your Hand, and you may do
With t'other Hand the Work of two:
Becauſe the Soul her Power contracts,
And on the Brother Limb *re-acts.*

But, yet the Point is not ſo clear in
Another Caſe; the Senſe of Hearing:
For tho' the Place of either Ear,
Be diſtant as one Head can bear:
Yet *Galen* moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his Book *de Partium uſu*)
That from each Ear as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory Nerves,
(Not to be ſeen without a Glaſs)
Which near the *Os Petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the Neck; and moving thorow there
One goes to this, and one to t'other Ear,
Which made my Grand-Dame always ſtuff her-
Ears,
Both Right and Left, as Fellow-Sufferers.
You ſee my Learning; but to ſhorten it,
When my Left Ear was deaf a Fortnight,
To t'other Ear I felt it coming on,
And thus I ſolve this hard *Phænomenon.*

'Tis true, a Glaſs will bring Supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded Eyes.

Your

Your Arms, tho' both your Eyes were loſt,
Would guard your Noſe againſt a Poſt.
Without your Legs, two Legs of Wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good.
And, as for Hands, there have been thoſe
Who, wanting both, have us'd their Toes,
But no Contrivance yet appears,
To furniſh artificial Ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew.

Written in the Year 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a Din,
That *Will* durſt hardly venture in:
He mark't the conjugal Diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, *Dick* ſate mute:
But, when he ſaw his Friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my Dear.
At Sight of *Will* ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out and clapt the Door.

WHY *Dick!* the Devil's in thy *Nell*,
(Quoth *Will*) thy House is worse than Hell:
Why, what a Peal the Jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you slit her Tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear *Will*, I suffer this for Peace:
I never quarrel with my Wife:
I bear it for a quiet Life.
Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *seek Peace, and ensue it.*

WILL went again to visit *Dick*;
And ent'ring in the very Nick,
He saw Virago *Nell* belabour,
With *Dick*'s own Staff his peaceful Neighbour,
Poor *Will* who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a Brace or two of Blows.

BUT now, to make my Story short;
Will drew out *Dick* to take a Quart.
Why *Dick*, thy Wife has deviliſh Whims,
Ods-buds, why do'nt you break her Limbs?
If she were mine and had such Tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle Sticks:
Z——ds, I would ship her to *Jamaica*,
And truck the Carrion for *Tobacco*:

I'd

I'd ſend her far enough away ——
Dear *Will!* but what would People ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a Name,
The Neighbours round would cry out Shame.

DICK ſuffered for his Peace and Credit,
But, who believed him when he ſaid it?
Can he who makes himſelf a Slave
Conſult his Peace, or Credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill Succeſs,
His Quiet ſmall, his Credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſu'l Rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke his Pate.
And, what he thought the hardeſt Caſe,
The Pariſh jeer'd him to his Face;
Thoſe Men who wore the Breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a Cuckold, Fool, and Beaſt.
At home he was purſu'd with Noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the Boys:
Within, his Wife would break his Bones,
Without, they pelted him with Stones:
The 'Prentices procur'd a Riding,
To act his Patience, and her Chiding.

FALSE Patience and miſtaken Pride!
There are ten thouſand *Dicks* beſide;
Slaves to their Quiet and good Name,
Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the Blame.

About

Some ingenious Gentlemen, Friends to the Author, uſed to divert themſelves with writing Riddles, and ſending them to him and their other Acquaintance; Copies of which ran about, and ſome of them were printed both in England *and* Ireland. *The Author, at his leiſure Hours, fell into the ſame Amuſement; though it is ſaid he thought it of no great Merit, or Uſe. However, by the Advice of ſome Perſons, for whom he hath a great Eſteem, and who were pleaſed to communicate the Copies, we have publiſhed the few following, being perſuaded, that the moſt refined Taſte may ſometimes be gratified with ſuch Entertainment.*

A

RIDDLE.

I.

Tranſlated in the Year 1724.

IN Youth exalted high in Air,
Or bathing in the Waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my Body all in White:

My Perſon tall, and ſlender Waſte,
On either Side with Fringes grac'd;
'Till me that Tyrant Man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my Mother's Side:
No Wonder now I look'd ſo thin;
The Tyrant ſtript me to the Skin:
My Skin he flay'd, my Hair he cropt;
At Head and Foot my Body lopt:
And then with Heart more hard than Stone,
He peck'd my Marrow from the Bone.
To vex me more he took a Freak,
To ſlit my Tongue and make me ſpeak;
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to Eyes, and not to Ears.
He oft employs me in Diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand Lies:
To me he chiefly gives in Truſt
To pleaſe his Malice or his Luſt.
From me no Secret he can hide;
I ſee his Vanity and Pride:
And my Delight is to expoſe
His Follies to his greateſt Foes.

ALL Languages I can command,
Yet not a Word I underſtand,
Without my Aid the beſt Divine
In Learning would not know a Line:

The

The Lawyer muſt forget his pleading,
The Scholar could not ſhew his Reading.

NAY; Man, my Maſter, is my Slave;
I give Command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand Pounds a Year,
And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.

BUT, while I thus my Life relate,
I only haſten on my Fate.
My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a Word.
I die unpitied and forgot;
And on ſome Dunghill left to rot.

II.

ANOTHER.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
To vileſt Slaves I owe my Birth.
How is the greateſt Monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy Liv'ry dreſt!
No haughty Nymph has Power to run
From me; or my Embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame,
My Conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The Fav'rite Meſſenger of *Jove*,
And *Lemnian* God conſulting ſtrove

To make me glorious to the Sight
Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
Soon would their Altars Flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

BY Fate *exalted high* in Place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double Face*;
Superior none on Earth I find:
But ſee *below me* all Mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the Great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *Weight*.
At every *Motion* undertook,
The Vulgar all conſult my *Look*.
I ſometimes give Advice in *Writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I AM a Courtier in my Way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To Luſt and Luxury, and Dice:
Who Puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their Pockets pickt.

BY riding *Poſt* I loſe my Health,
And only to get others Wealth.

IV.

ANOTHER.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However to avoid Diſgrace,
I let no Creature ſee my *Face*.
My *Words* are few, but ſpoke with *Senſe*:
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives Offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The Company will fly the Room.
By all the World I am *oppreſt*,
And my *Oppreſſion* gives them *Reſt*.

THROUGH me, though ſore againſt my Will,
Inſtructors ev'ry Art inſtill.
By Thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get nor loſe a Groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt Pain*.
Shall Man preſume to be my Maſter,
Who's but my *Caterer* and *Taſter*?
Yet though I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer *Depender* ſtill:
An humble *Hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all People *make a Jeſt*.

IN me, Detractors ſeek to find
Two Vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome Cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*;
While others give me many a Curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *Purſe*.
But this I know, in either Caſe
They dare not *charge* me to my *Face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the Year is at an End,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,
My *Goings out*, and *Comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me, ſay
I juſtly keep the *middle Way*.
I'm always by my Betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my Time*,
The learn'd in Sciences ſublime,
Conſult the Stars, and thence foretel
Good Luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

ANOTHER.

V.

ANOTHER.

THE Joy of Man, the Pride of Brutes,
Domeſtic Subject for Diſputes,
Of Plenty thou the Emblem fair,
Adorn'd by Nymphs with all their Care;
I ſaw thee rais'd to high Renown,
Supporting half the *Britiſh* Crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte *Diana's* infant Face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her Light than thine;
Thy num'rous Fingers know their Way
And oft in *Celia's* Treſſes play.

To place thee in another View,
I'll ſhew the World ſtrange Things and true:
What Lords and Dames of high Degree,
May juſtly claim their Birth from thee;
The Soul of Man with Spleen you vex;
Of Spleen you cure the Female Sex.
Thee for a Gift, the Courtier ſends
With Pleaſure to his ſpecial Friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous Pride,
Contrives all Means the Gift to hide:
Nor oft can the Receiver know,
Whether he has the Gift or no,

On airy Wings you take your Flight,
And fly unseen both Day and Night;
Conceal your Form with various Tricks;
And few know how and where you fix.
Yet, some who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean Time the Wise a Question start,
If thou a real Being art;
Or, but a Creature of the Brain,
That gives imaginary Pain:
But the sly Giver better knows thee,
Who feels true Joys when he bestows thee.

VI.

ANOTHER.

THOUGH I, alas! a Pris'ner be,
My Trade is, Pris'ners to set free.
No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
With such *insinuating* Ways.
My Genius *piercing*, *sharp* and *bright*,
Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
The Clergy keep me for their Ease,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
A new and wond'rous Art I show
Of raising Spirits from below;
In *Scarlet* some, and some in *White*:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright,

In

In at each *Mouth* the *Spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen as through a Glass:
O'er *Head* and *Body* make a Rout,
And drive at last all *Secrets* out:
And still, the more I show my Art,
The more they *open ev'ry Heart.*

A GREATER Chymist none, than I,
Who from *Materials hard and dry,*
Have taught Men to *extract* with Skill,
More precious Juice than from a Still.

ALTHOUGH I'm often *out of Case,*
I'm not asham'd to *show my Face.*
Though at the Tables of the Great,
I near the Side-board take my Seat;
Yet, the plain 'Squire when Dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand;
And often takes me by the *Hand.*

I TWICE a Day a *hunting* go:
Nor ever fail to *seize my Foe;*
And, when I have him by the *Pole,*
I drag him upwards from his *Hole,*
Though some are of so stubborn Kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *Limb* behind.

I HOURLY

I HOURLY wait ſome fatal End;
For, I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend*.

VII.

ANOTHER.

The Gulph *of all* human Poſſeſſions.

Written in the Year 1724.

COME hither and behold the Fruits,
Vain Man, of all thy vain Purſuits.
Take wiſe Advice and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* Actions to thy Mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a Glaſs,
How ſoon all human Pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy Pride,
To turn the true impartial Side!
How will your Eyes contain their Tears,
When all the ſad *Reverſe* appears!

THIS Cave within its Womb confines
The laſt Reſult of all Deſigns;
Here lie depoſited the Spoils
Of buſy Mortals endleſs Toils:
Here, with an eaſy Search we find
The *foul Corruptions* of Mankind.

The

The wretched Purchaſe here behold
Of Traytors, who their Country ſold.

THIS Gulph inſatiable imbibes
The Lawyer's Fees, the Stateſman's Bribes.
Here, in their proper Shape and Mien,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are ſeen.

NECESSITY, the Tyrant's Law,
All human Race muſt hither draw:
All prompted by the ſame *Deſire*,
The vig'rous Youth, and aged Sire:
Behold, the Coward, and the Brave,
The haughty Prince, the humble Slave,
Phyſician, Lawyer, and Divine,
All make *Oblations* at this Shrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by Stealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs Wealth.
For while the baſhful Sylvan Maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her Heart*;
The Courtly Dame, unmov'd by Fear,
Profuſely pours her *Off'rings* here.

A Treaſure here of *Learning* lurks,
Huge Heaps of never dying Works;

Labours

Labours of many an ancient Sage,
And Millions of the preſent Age.

IN at this Gulph all Off'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore Mankind
Was bid to throw the Stones *behind*;
So, thoſe who here their Gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another Way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The Myſteries that lie below.

SAD Charnel-houſe! a diſmal Dome,
For which all Mortals leave their Home;
The Young, the Beautiful, and Brave,
Here bury'd in one common Grave;
Where each Supply of *Dead* renews
Unwholeſome *Damps*, *offenſive Dews*:
And lo! the *Writing on the Walls*
Points out where each new *Victim* falls;
The *Food of Worms*, and Beaſts obſcene,
Who round the Vault luxuriant reign.

SEE where thoſe mangled Corpſes lie,
Condemned by Female Hands to die;
A comely Dame once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs Night;

By

By cruel Hands her Blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *Wealth* was all her Guilt.

AND here ſix Virgins in a Tomb,
All-beauteous Offspring of one Womb,
Oft in the Train of *Venus* ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their Queen:
In Royal Garments each was dreſt,
Each with a Gold and Purple Veſt:
I ſaw them of their Garments ſtript,
Their Throats were cut, their Bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their Sepulchres were torn;
But, now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting Place at laſt.

HERE, oft the curious Trav'ler finds
The Combat of *oppoſing Winds*:
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret Cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from Nature's Laws;
Why at this *Cave's* tremendous *Mouth*,
He feels at once both *North* and *South*:
Whether the Winds in Caverns pent,
Through *Clefts* oppugnant force a Vent;
Or, whether, *op'ning all his Stores*,
Fierce *Æolus* in Tempeſt roars.

YET

YET from this *mingled Maſs* of Things,
In Time a new Creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe,
To fill the Earth, and Air, and Skies:
In various Forms appear again
Of Vegetables, Brutes, and Men.
So *Jove* pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

Louiſa to *Strephon.*

Written in the Year 1724.

AH, *Strephon*, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who, without thy Pity dies?
To *Strephon* I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble Blood as you;
Fair Iſſue of the genial Bed;
A Virgin in thy Boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a Wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
Why ſhould my Shepherd take amiſs
That oft I wake thee with a Kiſs?
Yet you of every Kiſs complain;
Ah, is not Love a pleaſing Pain?

A Pain which ev'ry happy Night
You cure with Eaſe and with Delight;
With Pleaſure, as the Poet ſings,
Too great for Mortals leſs than Kings.

CHLOE, when on thy Breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful Eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſp'rate Nails;
And with relentleſs Hands deſtroy
The tender Pledges of our Joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious Race;
They all were born from thy Embrace.

CONSIDER, *Strephon*, what you do;
For ſhould I die for Love of you,
I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodleſs Ghoſt;
And all my Kin, a num'rous Hoſt,
Who down direct our Lineage bring
From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King;
Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody Plains,
Who in tempeſtuous Seas can ſport,
And ſcorn the Pleaſures of a Court;
From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom;
Who ſcourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire;
Thou, like *Alcides*, ſhalt expire,

When

When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore.
Nor less that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
Cut from the Piece that made her Shift,
Shall in thy dearest Blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted Hide.

XI.

ANOTHER.

Written in the Year 1725.

DEPRIV'D of Root, and Branch, and Rind,
Yet Flowers I bear of ev'ry Kind;
And such is my prolifick Pow'r,
They bloom in less than half an Hour:
Yet Standers-by may plainly see
They get no Nourishment from me.
My Head with Giddiness goes round;
And yet I firmly stand my Ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an *Indian* Queen.
No Couple-Beggar in the Land,
E'er join'd such Numbers Hand in Hand;
I join them fairly with a *Ring*;
Nor can our Parson blame the Thing:
And tho' no Marriage Words are spoke,
They part not till the *Ring* is broke,

Yet

Yet Hypocrite Fanatics cry,
I'm but an Idol rais'd on high;
And once a Weaver in our Town,
A damn'd *Cromwellian* knock'd me down.
I lay a Priſ'ner twenty Years,
And then the Jovial Cavaliers
To their old Poſts reſtor'd all Three,
I mean the Church, the King, and Me.

VERSES *on the upright Judge, who condemned the* Drapier's *Printer.*

Written in the Year 1724.

THE Church I hate and have good Reaſon;
For there my Grandſire cut his Weazon.
He cut his Weazon at the Altar;
I keep my Gullet for the Halter.

On the Same.

IN Church your Grandſire cut his Throat:
To do the Jobb too long he tarry'd,
He ſhould have had my hearty Vote,
To cut his Throat before he marry'd.

On the Same.

(*The Judge ſpeaks.*)

I'M not the Grandſon of that Aſs [a] *Quin*;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. *Paſquin*.
My Grand-dame had Gallants by Twenties,
And bore my Mother by a 'Prentice.
This, when my Grandſire knew, they tell us he
In *Chriſt-Church* cut his Throat for Jealouſy.
And, ſince the Alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

[a] An Alderman.

A Si-

A SIMILE, on our Want of Silver, and the only Way to remedy it.

Written in the Year, 1725.

AS when of old, ſome Sorc'reſs threw
O'er the Moon's Face a ſable Hue,
To Drive unſeen her magic Chair,
At Midnight through the darken'd Air;
Wiſe People, who believ'd with Reaſon
That this Eclipſe was out of Seaſon,
Affirm'd the Moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a Counter-ſpell:
Ten thouſand Cymbals now begin
To rend the Skies with brazen Din;
The Cymbals rattling Sounds diſpel
The Cloud, and drive the Hag to Hell:
The Moon, deliver'd from her Pain,
Diſplays her *Silver* Face again.
(Note here, that in the Chymic Style,
The Moon is *Silver* all this while.)

So, (if my Simile you minded,
Which I confeſs is two long-winded)
When late a Feminine Magician,
Join'd with a *brazen* Politician,

Expos'd, to blind the Nation's Eyes,
A [b] Parchment of prodigious Size;
Conceal'd behind that ample Screen,
There was no Silver to be ſeen.
But, to this Parchment let the *Draper*
Oppoſe his Counter-Charm of Paper,
And ring *Wood's* Copper in our Ears
So loud, 'till all the Nation hears;
That Sound will make the Parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the Conj'rers to the Devil:
And when the Sky is grown ſerene
Our Silver will appear again.

On *WOOD* the Iron-monger.

Written in the Year 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the *Grecian* Tale is,
Was a mad Copper-Smith of *Elis*;
Up at his Forge by Morning peep,
No Creature in the Lane could ſleep.
Among a Crew of royſt'ring Fellows
Would ſit whole Ev'nings at the Alehouſe.

[b] A Patent to *William Wood*, for coining Half-pence.

His

His Wife and Children wanted Bread,
While he went always drunk to Bed.
This vap'ring Scab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the Thunder of the Skies:
With *Braſs*, two fiery Steeds he ſhod,
To make a Clatt'ring as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *Braſs*, his flaming Car,
Like Lightning dazzled from afar,
And up he mounts into the Box,
And He muſt thunder, with a Pox.
Then, furious he begins his March,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen Arch:
With Squibs and Crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling Crowd below.
All ran to Pray'rs, both Prieſts and Laity,
To pacify this angry Deity;
When *Jove*, in pity to the Town,
With real Thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge Delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked Varlet ſprawling?
They ſearch'd his Pockets on the Place,
And found his Copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an *Iriſh* Blunder,
To take the Noiſe of Braſs for Thunder.

The Moral of this Tale is proper,
Apply'd to *Wood's* adult'rate Copper:

Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like Dolts,
Miſtook at firſt for Thunder-bolts;
Before the *Drapier* ſhot a Letter,
(Nor *Jove himſelf* could do it better)
Which lighting on th' Impoſtor's Crown,
Like real Thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the Year 1725.

BY long Obſervation I have underſtood
That three little Vermin are kin to *Will Wood.*
The firſt is an inſect they call a *Wood*-Louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf, for a Houſe:
As round as a Ball, without Head, without Tail,
Inclos'd *Cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong Coat of Mail.
And thus *William Wood* to my Fancy appears
In Fillets of Braſs roll'd up to his Ears:
And, over theſe Fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of Danger, [d] a Doublet of Stone.

THE Louſe of the *Wood* for a Med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.

[d] He was in Jayl for Debt.

And

And, let but our Mother *Hibernia* contrive
To ſwallow *Will Wood* either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the Jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *Obſtructions*, and *Pains in her Cheſt*.

The next is an Inſect we call a *Wood-*
Worm,
That lies in old *Wood* like a Hare in her Form;
With Teeth or with Claws it will bite or will
ſcratch,
And Chambermaids chriſten this Worm a Death-
Watch.
Becauſe like a Watch it always cries *Click*:
Then Woe be to thoſe in the Houſe who are
ſick:
For as ſure as a Gun, they will give up the
Ghoſt,
If the Maggot cries *Click* when it ſcratches the
Poſt:
But a Kettle of ſcalding hot Water injected,
Infallibly cures the Timber affected:
The Omen is broke, the Danger is over;
The Maggot will die, and the Sick will re-
cover.
Such a Worm was *Will Wood* when he ſcratch'd
at the Door
Of a governing Stateſman or favourite Whore:

The Death of our Nation he ſeem'd to foretel,
And the Sound of his Braſs we took for our Knell;
But now ſince the *Drapier* hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt Thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which Operation there's nothing more proper
Than the Liquor he deals in, his own melted Copper;
Unleſs, like the *Dutch*, you rather would boil
This Coiner of [c] *Raps* in a Cauldron of Oil.
Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a Faggot,
For our Fear's at an End with the Death of the Maggot.

[c] A cant Word in *Ireland* for a Counterfeit Half-penny.

To Quilca, *a Country-Houſe in no very good Repair, where the ſuppoſed Author, and ſome of his Friends, ſpent a Summer, in the Year* 1725.

LET me thy Properties explain:
A rotten Cabbin dropping Rain;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak;
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bed-ſteds broke.
Here Elements have loſt their Uſes,
Air ripens not, nor Earth produces:
In vain we make poor *Sheelah*[c] toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor Water boil.
Thro' all the Valleys, Hills, and Plains,
The Goddeſs *Want* in Triumph reigns;
And her chief Officers of State,
Sloth, *Dirt*, and *Theft* around her wait.

[c] An *Iriſh* Name.

To

To the Earl of *P——b——w.*

Written in the Year 1726.

MORDANTO fills the Trump of Fame,
The Christian World his Deeds proclaim,
And Prints are crowded with his Name.

In Journies he out-rides the Post,
Sits up till Midnight with his Host,
Talks Politicks, and gives the Toast.

Knows ev'ry Prince in *Europe's* Face,
Flies like a squib from Place to Place,
And travails not, but runs a Race.

From *Paris* Gazette *A-la-main*,
This Day arriv'd without his Train,
Mordanto in a Week from *Spain*.

A Messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at *Madrid* to seek:
He left the Town above a Week.

Next Day the Post-boy winds his Horn,
And rides through *Dover* in the Morn.:
Mordanto's landed from *Leghorn*.

MORDANTO gallops on alone,
The Roads are with his Foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a Girth, and that a Bone:

His Body active as his Mind,
Returning ſound in Limb and Wind,
Except ſome Leather loſt behind.

A Skeleton in outward Figure,
His meagre Corps though full of Vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his Expedition,
When you have not the leaſt Suſpicion,
He's with you like an Apparition.

SHINES in all Climates like a Star;
In Senates bold, and fierce in War,
A Land-Commander, and a Tar.

HEROIC Actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern Reading,
But by his Name-ſake *Charles* of *Sweeden*.

HORACE, Book I.

ODE XIV.

O navis referent, &c.

Paraphraſed and Inſcribed to *IRELAND*.

Written in the Year 1725-6.

The INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating Iſle, toſt on ill Fortune's Waves,
Ordain'd by Fate *to be the Land of Slaves;*
Shall moving Delos *now deep-rooted ſtand;*
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving Land?
Altho' the Metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a State, and Veſſel under Sail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a Ship a-while,
And thus addreſs thee in the Sailor's Style.

1. UNHAPPY Ship, thou art return'd in vain:
New Waves ſhall drive thee to the Deep again.

1. *O navis referent in mare te novi*
Fluctus.

Look

Look to thyſelf, and be no more the Sport
2. Of giddy Winds, but make ſome friendly Port.
3. Loſt are thy Oars that us'd thy Courſe to guide,
Like faithful Counſellors on either Side.
4. Thy Maſt which like ſome aged Patriot ſtood
The ſingle Pillar for his Country's Good,
To lead thee, as a Staff directs the Blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *Eaſtern* Wind.
5. Your Cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The Waves impetuous entring at your Keel.
Thus, Commonwealths receive a foreign Yoke,
When the ſtrong Cords of Union once are broke,
6. Torn by a ſudden Tempeſt is thy Sail,
Expanded to invite a milder Gale.

As when ſome Writer in a publick Cauſe,
His Pen, to ſave a ſinking Nation draws,

2. ——— *Fortiter occupa*
Portum:
3. *Nudum remigio latus,*
4. ——— *Malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*
5. ——— *Ac ſine funibus*
Vix durare carinæ
Poſſint imperioſius
Æquor?
6. *Non tibi ſunt integra lintea.*

While

While all is calm, his Arguments prevail,
The People's Voice expands his Paper Sail;
'Till Pow'r diſcharging all her ſtormy Bags,
Flutters the feeble Pamphlet into Rags,
The Nation ſcar'd, the Author doom'd to Death,
Who fondly put his Truſt in pop'lar Breath.
A LARGER Sacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a Pow'r above will help you now:
A Nation thus, who oft Heav'n's Call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n Relief expects.

8. 'TWILL not avail, when thy ſtrong Sides are broke,
That thy Deſcent is from the *Britiſh* Oak:
Or when your Name and Family you boaſt,
From Fleets triumphant o'er the *Gallic* Coaſt.
Such was *Ierne's* Claim, as juſt as thine,
Her Sons deſcended from the *Britiſh* Line;
Her matchleſs Sons; whoſe Valour ſtill remains
On *French* Records, for twenty long Campaigns:

7. *Non Dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Yet

Yet, from an Empreſs, now a captive grown,
She ſav'd *Britannia's* Rights, and loſt her own.

9. In Ships decay'd no Mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded Stern and painted Sides:
Yet at a Ball, unthinking Fools delight
In the gay Trappings of a Birth-Day Night:
They on the gold Brocades and Sattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their Country was enſlav'd.

10. Dear Veſſel, ſtill be to thy Steerage juſt,
Nor change thy Courſe with ev'ry ſudden Guſt:
Like ſupple Patriots of the modern Sort,
Who turn with ev'ry Gale that blows from Court.

11. Weary and Sea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now, for thy Safety, Cares diſtract my Mind,

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*
10. *Fidit; tu, niſi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
11. *Nuper ſolicitum quæ mihi tædium,*
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfuſa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

As

As thoſe who long have ſtood the Storms of State,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their Country's Fate.
Beware, and when you hear the Surges roar,
Avoid the Rocks on *Britain's* angry Shore;
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found,
For thee alone they lie the Iſland round.

On reading Dr. YOUNG's *Satires called the* Univerſal Paſſion, *by which he means* Pride.

Written in the Year 1726.

IF there be Truth in what you ſing,
Such God-like Virtues in the King;
A Miniſter[f] ſo fill'd with Zeal
And Wiſdom for the Common-Weal:
If he[g] who in the Chair preſides,
So ſteddily the Senate guides:
If others, whom you make your Theme,
Are Seconds in the glorious Scheme:
If ev'ry Peer whom you commend,
To Worth and Learning be a Friend:

[f] Sir *R. Walpole*, late Earl of *Orford*.
[g] *Compton*, the Speaker at that Time.

If

If ev'ry Peer whom you commend,
To Worth and Learning be a Friend:
If this be Truth as you atteſt,
What Land was ever half ſo bleſt!
No Falſehood now among the Great,
And Tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the Bench fair *Juſtice* ſhines;
Her Scale to neither Side inclines:
Now *Pride* and Cruelty are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her Throne:
For ſuch is good Example's Power,
It does its Office ev'ry Hour;
Where Governors are good and wiſe,
Or elſe the trueſt Maxim lyes:
For ſo we find, all antient Sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum Regis*,
Through all the Realm his Virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the Sun:
If this be true then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a Score
Of Courtiers each in their Degree,
If poſſible, as good as He?

Or take it in a diff'rent View,
I aſk, if what you ſay be true;
If you affirm the preſent Age,
Deſerves your Satire's keeneſt Rage:

If that ſame *Univerſal Paſſion*
With ev'ry Vice hath fill'd the Nation:
If Virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle Step beneath the Crown:
If Clergymen to ſhew their Wit,
Praiſe *Claſſicks* more than Holy Writ:
If Bankrupts when they are undone,
Into the S—— H—— can run;
And ſell their Votes at ſuch a Rate,
As will retrieve a loſt Eſtate;
If Law be ſuch a partial Whore,
To ſpare the Rich, and plague the Poor;
If theſe be of all Crimes the worſt,
What Land was ever half ſo curſt!

The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the Year 1726.

QUOTH the Thief to the Dog, Let me into your Door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate Bits:
Quoth the Dog I ſhould then, be more Villain than you're,
And beſides, muſt be out of my Wits.

YOUR delicate Bits will not ſerve me a Meal,
But my Maſter each Day gives me Bread;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your Stead.

THE Stock-jobber thus, from *'Change-Alley* goes down,
And tips you the Freeman a Wink;
Let me have but your Vote to ſerve for the Town,
And here is a Guinea to drink.

SAID the Freeman, your Guinea to Night would be ſpent,
Your Offers of Bribery ceaſe;
I'll Vote for my Landlord to whom I pay Rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my Leaſe.

FROM *London* they come ſilly People to chouſe,
Their Lands and their Faces unknown:
Who'd vote a Rogue into the Parliament-houſe,
That would turn a Man out of his own?

ADVICE *to the* Grub-ſtreet *Verſe-Writers.*

Written in the Year 1726.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your Garrets haſte,
Ye Rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſigned to Paſte.

I KNOW a Trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint Device:
Your ſtill-born Poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up Spice.

GET all your Verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd;
And *Curl* muſt have a ſpecial Care
To leave the Margin wide.

LEND theſe to Paper-ſparing *Pope*;
And, when he ſits to write,
No Letter with an *Envelope*
Could give him more Delight.

WHEN *Pope* has fill'd the Margins round,
Why then recall your Loan;

Sell them to *Curl* for fifty Pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

On ſeeing Verſes written upon Windows in Inns.

I.

Written in the Year 1726.

THE Sage who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of Windows in his Breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one Thought allow'd
That might not be confeſt;
His Window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry Rake,
His Breaſt again would cover;
And fairly bid the D——l take
The Di'mond and the Lover.

II.

ANOTHER.

BY *Satan* taught, all Conj'rers know
Your Miſtreſs in a Glaſs to ſhow,
And, you can do as much:
In this the Dev'l and you agree:
None e'er made Verſes worſe than he,
And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

III.

ANOTHER.

THAT Love is the Devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Theſe Rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by Love are inſpir'd,
And the Devil's a damnable Poet.

IV.

ANOTHER.

THE Church and Clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both, weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

A Pas-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Richmond-Lodge and *Marble-Hill.*

Written *June* 1727, juſt after the News of the late King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE *is a Houſe with a ſmall Park, belonging to the Crown: It was uſually granted by the Crown for a Leaſe of Years; the Duke of* Ormond *was the laſt who had it. After his Exile it was given to the Prince of* Wales *by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their* Summer *there. It is within a Mile of* Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL *is a Houſe built by Mrs.* Howard, *then of the Bed-Chamber, now Counteſs of* Suffolk, *and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the* Middleſex *Side, near* Twickenham, *where Mr.* Pope *lives, and about two Miles from* Richmond-Lodge. *Mr.* Pope *was the Contriver of the Gardens, Lord* Herbert *the Architect, and*

the Dean of St. Patrick's *chief Butler, and Keeper of the* Ice-houſe. *Upon King* George's *Death, theſe two Houſes met, and had the following Dialogue:*

*IN Spight of *Pope*, in Spight of *Gay*,
And all that He or They can ſay;
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of *Richmond-Lodge*, and *Marble Hill*.

LAST *Friday* Night, as Neighbours uſe,
This Couple met to talk of News:
For by old Proverbs it appears,
That Walls have Tongues, and Hedges Ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

QUOTH *Marble-Hill*, right well I ween,
Your Miſtreſs now is grown a Queen:
You'll find it ſoon by woeful Proof,
She'll come no more beneath your Roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

THE kingly Prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no Truſt in Princes:

*NOTE, *This Poem was carried to Court, and read to the King and Queen.*

My

My Royal Maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high Degree;
But now he's grown a King, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when Folks have got their Ends,
How quickly they neglect their Friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

MARBLE-HILL.

MY Houſe was built but for a Show,
My Lady's empty Pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a Shilling
To raiſe the Stairs, or build the Cieling;
For, all the courtly Madams round,
Now pay four Shillings in the Pound,
'Tis come to what I always thought;
My Dame is hardly worth a Groat.
Had you and I been Courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For, thoſe we dex'trous Courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their Maſter's *Fall*.
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall*, becauſe our Maſters *riſe*.

RICH-

RICHMOND-LODGE.

MY Maſter, ſcarce a Fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a Prince;
But, now it will be no ſuch Thing,
For he'll be poor as any *King*:
And, by his Crown will nothing get;
But like a King, to run in Debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

NO more the Dean, that grave Divine,
Shall keep the Key of my No — Wine;
My Ice-Houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my Artichoaks no more;
Poor *Patty Blount* no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my Walks ſo green:
Plump *Johnny Gay* will now elope;
And here no more will dangle *Pope*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

HERE wont the *Dean*, when he's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a Breakfaſt once a Week;
To cry the Bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the Royal Butter.
But, now I fear it will be ſaid,
No Butter ſticks upon his Bread,
We ſoon ſhall find him full of Spleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen;

Stun-

Stunning her Royal Ears with talking;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Highneſs* walking:
Whilſt [a] Lady *Charlotte*, like a Stroller,
Sits mounted on the Garden Roller.
A goodly Sight to ſee her ride,
With antient [b] *Mirmont* at her Side.
In Velvet Cap his Head lies warm;
His Hat for Show beneath his Arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

SOME *South-Sea* Broker, from the City,
Will purchaſe me, the more's the Pity;
Lay all my fine Plantations waſte,
To fit them to his vulgar Taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in every Part,
My Maſter *Pope* will break his Heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

IN my own *Thames* may I be drowned,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd Head:
Except her Majeſty prevails
To place me with the Prince of *Wales*;
And then I ſhall be free from Fears,
For he'll be Prince theſe Fifty Years.

[a] *Lady* Charlotte de Rouſſy, *a* French *Lady*.
[b] *Marquis* de Mirmont, *a* French *Man of Quality*.

I the

I then will turn a Courtier too,
And ſerve the Times, as others do.
Plain Loyalty, not built on Hope,
I leave to your Contriver, *Pope:*
None loves his King and Country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their Debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

THEN, let him come and take a Nap,
In *Summer* on my Verdant Lap:
Prefer our *Villa's* where the *Thames* is,
To *Kenſington*, or hot *St. James's*;
Nor ſhall I dull in Silence ſit;
For, 'tis to me he owes his Wit,
My Groves, my Echoes, and my Birds,
Have taught him his poetick Words.
We Gardens, and you Wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all Poets in Diſtreſſes.
Him twice a Week I here expect,
To rattle [c] *Moody* for Neglect;
An idle Rogue, who ſpends his Quarteridge
In tipling at the *Dog* and *Partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a Week to bruſh my Gown.

[c] The Gardener.

RICH-

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I PITY you, dear *Marble-Hill*;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All Happineſs —— and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

KIND *Richmond-Lodge*, the ſame to you.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent Thoughts inſpire,
In Man, *Poſſeſſion* and *Deſire*;
Think what they wiſh ſo great a Bleſſing,
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing.

A Moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what Book or Page,
Or, whether o'er a Pot of Ale,
Related thus the following Tale.

Poſſeſſion, and *Deſire*, his Brother,
But, ſtill at Variance with each other,

Were

Were ſeen contending in a Race;
And, kept at firſt an equal Pace:
'Tis ſaid, their Courſe continued long;
For, This was active, That was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a League about,
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving Light,
They take the wrong way for the right:
Through ſlipp'ry By-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the Plain like Lightning flew:
'Till entring on a broad Highway,
Where *Power* and *Titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by Excurſions loſt his Ground:
No ſooner got than with Diſdain
He threw them on the Ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh Objects fairer to his View;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler Game;
But, all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his Pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his Rival's Face.

Poſſeſſion kept the beaten Road;
And, gather'd all his Brother ſtrow'd;

But

But overcharg'd and out of Wind,
Though ſtrong in Limbs he lagg'd behind.

Deſire had now the Goal in Sight:
It was a Tower of monſtrous Height;
Where, on the Summit *Fortune* ſtands:
A Crown and Sceptre in her Hands.
Beneath, a Chaſm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold Advent'rer fell.
Deſire, in Rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treach'rous Goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the Crown,
She knock'd him with the Sceptre down.
He tumbled in the Gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs Round.

Poſſeſſion's Load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumb'rous Weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous Bird of Prey;
The Raven, Vulture, Owl, and Kite,
At once upon his Carcaſe light;
And ſtrip his Hide, and pick his Bones,
Regardleſs of his dying Groans.

On CENSURE.

Written in the Year 1727.

YE Wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An Evil, which admits no Cure:
Or how this Evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both Hate and Scorn.
Bare Innocence is no Support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's Court.
Stand high in Honour, Wealth or Wit;
All others who inferior ſit
Conceive themſelves in Conſcience bound
To join and drag you to the Ground.
Your Altitude offends the Eyes,
Of thoſe who want the Pow'r to riſe.
The World, a willing Stander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious Lye:
Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all Appearances are ſtrong.

YET, whence proceeds this Weight we lay
On what detracting People ſay
For let Mankind diſcharge their Tongues
In Venom till they burſt their Lungs,
Their utmoſt Malice cannot make
Your Head, or Tooth, or Finger ake,

Nor

Nor ſpoil your Shape, diſtort your Face,
Or put one Feature out of Place;
Nor will you find your Fortune ſink,
By what they ſpeak, or what they think;
Nor can Ten hundred Thouſand Lyes,
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.

THE moſt effectual Way to baulk
Their Malice, is——to let them talk.

The FURNITURE of a Woman's MIND.

Written in the Year 1727.

A Set of Phraſes learnt by Rote;
A Paſſion for a Scarlet-Coat;
When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the Reaſon why;
Never to hold her Tongue a Minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb ſit,
And take his Nonſenſe all for Wit;
Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
But half the Words pronouncing wrong;

Has ev'ry Repartee in Store,
She ſpoke Ten thouſand Times before;
Can ready Compliments ſupply
On all Occaſions, cut and dry;
Such Hatred to a Parſon's Gown,
The Sight will put her in a Swoon;
For Converſation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing Raillery in Railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt Failing;
Nor makes a Scruple to expoſe
Your bandy Leg, or crooked Noſe;
Can at her Morning Tea, run o'er
The Scandal of the Day before;
Improving hourly in her Skill,
To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chuſing Lace a Critic nice,
Knows to a Groat the loweſt Price;
Can in her Female Clubs diſpute
What Linen beſt the Silk will ſuit,
What Colours each Complexion match,
And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouſe creeps in her Sight,
Can finely counterfeit a Fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all Hearts to hear her.

Can dext'rouſly her Huſband teize,
By taking Fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent Practice learns the Trick
At proper Seaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one Airs ſo pretty,
At once creating Love and Pity;
If *Molly* happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
She gets a Cold as ſure as Death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her Breath;
Admires how modeſt Women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a Man.

In Party, furious to her Pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſow'r;
Her Arguments directly tend
Againſt the Side ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From Principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggiſh Cauſe,
Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O yes! If any Man can find,
More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs. [a] *Harding*;
She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing;

[a] A Printer.

Take Notice ſhe has my Commiſſion
To add them in the next Edition;
They may out-ſell a better Thing:
So, Holla Boys, God ſave the King.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be hang'd.

Written in the Year 1727.

AS clever *Tom Clinch*, while the Rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately through *Holborn*, to die in his Calling,
He ſtopt at the *George* for a Bottle of Sack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His Waiſtcoat and Stockings, and Breeches were white;
His Cap had a new Cherry Ribbon to ty't.
The Maids to the Doors and the Balconies ran,
And ſaid, lack-a-day! he's a proper young Man.
But, as from the Windows the Ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a Beau in the Box, he bow'd low on each Side;
And when his laſt Speech the loud Hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his Cart, it was all a damn'd Lye.

The Hangman for Pardon fell down on his Knee;
Tom gave him a Kick in the Guts for his Fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the People a little,
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will [b] *whittle.*
My honeſt Friend [c] *Wild*, may long hold his Place,
He lengthen'd my Life with a whole Year of Grace.
Take Courage, dear Comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this Occaſion to follow your Trade;
My Conſcience is clear, and my Spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without Pray'r-Book or Pſalm;
Then follow the Practice of clever *Tom Clinch*,
Who hung like a Hero, and never would flinch.

[b] A Cant Word for confeſſing at the Gallows.
[c] The noted Thief-Catcher.

On cutting down the Old THORN at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the Year 1727.

AT *Market-Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of ancient Date.
There ſtood for many a Hundred Years,
A ſpacious Thorn before the Gate;

Hither came ev'ry Village-Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs ſat and ſung.

[d] Sir *Archibald* that val'rous Knight,
Then Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come to liſten with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald*, whoſe fav'rite Name
Shall ſtand for Ages on Record,
By *Scottiſh* Bards of higheſt Fame,
[e] Wiſe *Hawthornden* and *Sterling's* Lord.)

[d] Sir *Archibald Acheſon*, Secretary of State for *Scotland*.

[e] *Drummond* of *Hawthornden*, and Sir *William Alexander* E. of *Sterling*, both famous for their Poetry, who were Friends to Sir *Archibald*.

But

But Time, with Iron Teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its Branches round;
No Fruit or Bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its Head reclining tow'rds the Ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs Thorn,
Which muſt alas no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in Scorn
Cuts down, with ſacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the Blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful Shriek;
And Mother *Tellus* trembled ſo
She ſcarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Pow'rs with Fear perplex'd,
In Prudence and Compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe Turn was next)
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant Din;
And with her Beak gave many a Knock
To rouze and warm the Nymph within.

The Owl foreſaw, in penſive Mood,
The Ruin of her antient Seat;
And fled in Haſte with all her Brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure Retreat.

Laſt trotted forth the gentle Swine,
To eaſe her Itch againſt the Stump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph, who dwells in ev'ry Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fates Supreme Decree,
Muſt die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spina* found
The Thorn committed to her Care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly Wound,
She fled and vaniſh'd into Air.

But from the Root a diſmal Groan
Firſt iſſuing, ſtruck the Murd'rer's Ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful Tone,
This Propheſy he trembling hears:

" Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
" Relentleſs Dean; to Miſchief born;
" My Kindred oft thine Hide ſhall gall,
" Thy Gown and Caſſock oft be torn.

" And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the Fire,
" Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
" And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bri'r.

" Nor

" Nor thou, Lord [f] *Arthur*, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that Aſſaſſin in Crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouſe;
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo,
" (An old Retainer to your Houſe,)

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe Command
" Was form'd this *Machivillian* Plot,
" Not leave a Thiſtle on thy Land;
" Then who will own thee for a *Scot?*

" Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows and Teagues,
" Through all thy Empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues;
" Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

" And thou the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,
" *Neal Gaghagan*, *Hibernian* Clown,
" With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate,
" To hack my hallow'd Timber down,

[f] Sir *Arthur Acheſon.*

When

" When thou, ſuſpended high in Air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble Tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy Landlord's Mare)
" Then bloody *Caitif* think on me.

On the Five Ladies at [g] *Sots-Hole*, with the Doctor at their Head.

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an Officer in the Army.

Written in the Year 1728.

FAIR Ladies, Number Five,
Who in your merry Freaks
With little *Tom* contrive
To feaſt on Ale and Steaks.

While he ſits by a grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in *Sot's-Hole*,
Set up with greaſy Linen,
And neither Mugs nor Pots whole.

[g] An Ale-houſe in *Dublin*, famous for Beef Steaks.

Alas!

Alas! I never thought
A Prieſt would pleaſe your Palate;
Beſides I'll hold a Groat,
He'll put you in a Ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your Faces
On Paper daub'd ſo foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Than *Venus* like an Owl;

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a Midnight Pack
Of Witches met together
With *Belzebub* in black.

It fills my Heart with Woe,
To think ſuch Ladies fine
Should be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning Stagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how Corruption grows,
While, Mothers, Daughters, Aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd Beaus,
From Pulpits chuſe Gallants.

If

If we who wear our Wigs
With Fan-Tail and with Snake,
Are bubbled thus by Prigs;
Z——ds, who wou'd be a Rake?

Had I a Heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
I'gad I'd wear a Gown.

Then leave him to his Birch,
And at the *Roſe* on *Sunday*,
The Parſon ſafe at Church,
I'll treat you with *Burgundy*.

On Burning a Dull POEM.

Written in the Year 1729.

AN Aſs's Hoof alone can hold
That pois'nous Juice which kills by Cold.
Methought, when I this Poem read,
No Veſſel but an Aſs's Head,
Such frigid Fuſtian could contain;
I mean the Head without the Brain.

The

The cold Conceits, the chillling Thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying Draughts:
I found my Head began to ſwim,
A Numbneſs crept thro' ev'ry Limb.
In Haſt with Imprecations dire,
I threw the Volume in the Fire:
When, who could think, tho' cold as Ice,
It burnt to Aſhes in a Trice.

How could I more enhance its Fame?
Tho' born in Snow, it dy'd in Flame.

A LI-

A LIBEL ON The Reverend Dr. DELANY, And His EXCELLENCY JOHN Lord CARTERET.

To Dr. Delany, *occaſioned by his Epiſtle to his Excellency* John *Lord* Carteret.

Written in the Year 1729.

DELUDED Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuſe for Companions, *tete à tete*;
Who at their Dinners, *en famille*,
Get Leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And, how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant Things he ſpoke,
And, how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry *Joke:*

Swear

Swear he's a moſt facetious Man;
That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*:
You travel with a heavy Load,
And quite miſtake *Preferment's* Road.

SUPPOSE my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the leaſt Int'reſt of your own;
His Viſage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Bus'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *Poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toaſt*.
Nor could the niceſt Artiſt paint
A Countenance with more Conſtraint.

FOR, as their Appetites to quench,
Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
So, Men of Wit are but a kind
Of Pandars to a vicious Mind;
Who proper Objects muſt provide
To gratify their Luſt of Pride,
When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
They find an idle Hour to prate;
Then, ſhould you dare to aſk a *Place*,
You forfeit all your *Prtron's* Grace,
And diſappoint the ſole Deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.

THUS

THUS, *Congreve* ſpent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his Days:
While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
For Poets open Table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
And crazy *Congreve* ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A Shilling to diſcharge his Chair;
'Till Prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal;
Not owing to his happy Vein
The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
Took proper *Principles* to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

THUS, *Steel*, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed Wit.
From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in *Wales*.

THUS *Gay*, the [b] *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice ſev'n long Years, the *Court* attends;
Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a *princely* Youth:

[b] See his Fables.

Who

Who paid his Courtſhip with the Croud.
As far as *modeſt Pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *Uſher's* Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in Diſgrace.

THUS *Addiſon*, by Lords careſt,
Was left in Foreign Lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at Home, became for Hire,
A trav'ling Tutor to a *'Squire:*
But, wiſely left the *Muſes* Hill,
To Buſ'neſs ſhap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
Let all his Barren Lawrels fade,
Took up himſelf the *Courtier's* Trade,
And, grown *a Miniſter of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

HAIL, happy *Pope!* whoſe gen'rous Mind
Deteſting all the Stateſman Kind,
Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the Viſits of a ——.
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By *Sages*, *Prieſts*, or *Poets* taught;
Whoſe filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells;
A Genius for all Stations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt Talent* is his *Wit*;
His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
To lick a *Raſcal Stateſman's* Spittle;

Appealing to the Nation's Taſte,
Above the Reach of Want is plac'd:
By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
Which *Homer* never could alive;
And ſits aloft on *Pindus'* Head,
Deſpiſing *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.

True *Politicians* only pay
For ſolid *Work*, but not for *Play*;
Nor ever chuſe to work with Tools
Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *Journey-men*, than you:
At Table you can *Horace* quote;
They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:
You ſhew your Skill in *Grecian* Story;
But they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*;
You, as a *Critic*, are ſo curious
To find a Verſe in *Virgil* ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep Deſigns,
When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.

Beſides, your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *Place* already;
An Office for your Talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your Wit;
To ſnuff the Lights, and ſtir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.

What

What Claim have you to *Place* or *Penſion?*
He overpays in Condeſcenſion.

BUT, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condeſcend ſo low;
The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend
Wou'd, if he durſt, be more your Friend;
Nor will in *you* thoſe Gifts deſpiſe
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

THIS may be true —— ſubmitting ſtill
To *W——l's* more than Royal Will;
And what Condition can be worſe!
He comes to *drain a Beggar's Purſe*;
He comes to tie our Chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, *E——d* is our Maſter:
Careſſing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermine* in, but *Scraps?*
The Offals of a *Church* diſtreſt,
A hungry *Vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *Poſt*,
With Forty Pounds a Year at moſt.

BUT, here again you interpoſe:
Your favourite *Lord* is none of thoſe
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in doubt;
His *Learning*, tho' a Poet ſaid it
Before a Play, would loſe no Credit;
Nor POPE would dare deny him Wit,
Although to praiſe it PH——PS writ.
I own, he hates an Action baſe,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and ſpurious Merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.
I do the moſt that *Friendſhip* can;
I hate the *Viceroy*, love the *Man*.

But You who, till your Fortune's made,
Muſt be a *Sweet'ner* by your Trade,
Shou'd ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his Will;
That, if we could but ſee his Heart,
He would have choſe a milder Part:
We rather ſhould lament his Caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *Place*.

SINCE

SINCE this Reflection ſlipt your Pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuſe:

"So, to deſtroy a guilty Land,
"An *Angel* ſent by *Heav'n's* Command,
"While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
"Perhaps, may feel *Compaſſion* ſtill;
"And wiſh the Taſk had been aſſign'd
"To *Spirits* of leſs gentle Kind."

BUT I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whoſe Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mould,
Who, from my Soul, ſincerely hate
Both —— and *Miniſters* of *State*,
Who look on *Courts* with ſtricter Eyes,
To ſee the Seeds of *Vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an Alluſion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring Knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *Stateſman's* Face:
Freſh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*
I had it in the Words that follow:
(Take Notice, to avoid Offence,
I here except *His Excellence.*)

" So, to effect his *Monarch's* Ends,
" From *Hell* a *Viceroy* Dev'l aſcends;
" His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
" The Contributions of the *Damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing Hand, he ſtrows
" Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes;
" And then at *Belzebub's Black Hall*,
" Complains his *Budget* was too ſmall."

YOUR *Simile* may better ſhine
In Verſe; but there is *Truth* in mine
For, no imaginable Things
Can differ more than GOD and ——
And *Stateſmen*, by Ten thouſand Odds,
Are ANGELS juſt as —— are GODS.

TO

TO *JANUS*, on NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Written in the Year 1729.

TWO-faced *Janus*, God of Time!
Be my *Phœbus* while I rhyme;
To oblige your Crony S——t,
Bring our Dame a New-Years-Gift:
She has got but half a Face;
Janus, since thou hast a Brace,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy Face behind.

GOD of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future Eyes:
What imports thy forward Sight?
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take Delight in viewing
This poor Isle's approaching Ruin?
When thy Retrospection vast,
Sees the glorious Ages past.

HAPPY Nation were we blind,
Or had only Eyes behind.

Drown your Morals, Madam crys,
I'll have none but forward Eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their Necks with looking back;
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the D——n though gravely told,
New Years help to make me old;
Yet I find a New Year's Lace
Burniſhes an Old Year's Face:
Give me Velvet and Quadrille,
I'll have Youth and Beauty ſtill.

DRAPIER'S HILL.

Written in the Year 1729.

WE give the World to underſtand,
Our thriving D---n has purchas'd Land;
A Purchaſe which will bring him clear
Above his Rent Four Pounds a Year;
Provided, to improve the Ground,
He will but add Two hundred Pound,
And from his endleſs hoarded Store,
To build a Houſe, Five hundred more.

Sir

Sir *Arthur* [a] too ſhall have his Will,
And call the Manſion *Drapier's Hill:*
That when a Nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the DRAPIER's Praiſe ſhall ſing;
His Signs aloft no longer ſwing;
His Medals and his Prints forgotten;
And all his [b] Handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous LETTERS made waſte Paper;
This Hill may keep the Name of DRAPIER:
In Spight of Envy flouriſh ſtill,
And DRAPIER's vie with COOPER's HILL.

[a] The Gentleman of whom the Purchaſe was made.
[b] Medals were caſt, many Signs hung up, and Handkerchiefs made with Devices, in Honour of the Author, under the Name of *M. B. Drapier.*

The

The Grand Queſtion debated,

WHETHER

Hamilton's [c] *Bawn* ſhould be turned into a *Barrack* or a *Malt-Houſe.*

Written in the Year 1729.

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight full of Care,
Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair.
This [d] HAMILTON's *Bawn*, whilſt it ſticks on my Hand,
I loſe by the Houſe what I get by the Land;
But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt Bidder,
For a [e] *Barrack* or *Malt-Houſe*, we now muſt conſider.

[c] A *Bawn* was a Place near the Houſe, incloſed with Mud or Stone Walls, to keep the Cattle from being ſtolen in the Night. They are now little uſed.

[d] A large old Houſe, two Miles from Sir *A*——— *A*———'s Seat.

[e] The Army in *Ireland* is lodged in ſtrong Buildings over the whole Kingdom, called *Barracks.*

FIRST,

FIRST, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *Malt-Houſe.*
Here I have computed the Profit will fall t'us:
There's nine Hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain,
I increaſe it to Twelve, ſo three Hundred remain;
A handſome Addition for Wine and good Chear,
Three Diſhes a Day, and three Hogſheads a Year:
With a dozen large Veſſels my Vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub Joint ſhall come on my Board:
And you and the *Dean* no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;
Nor ſhall I, for his Humour, permit you to purloin
A Stone and a Quarter of Beef from my Sirloin.
If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant;
My Dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In Poundage and Drawbacks I loſe half my Rent,
Whatever they give me I muſt be content,
Or join with the Court in ev'ry Debate;
And rather than that, I would loſe my Eſtate.

THUS ended the Knight; Thus began his *meek* Wife;
It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *Barrack*, my Life.

I'm

I'm grown a meer Mopus; no Company comes,
But a Rabble of Tenants, and ruſty dull [f] *Rums*;
With *Parſons* what Lady can keep herſelf clean?
I'm all over dawb'd when I ſit by the *Dean*.
But if you will give us a *Barrack*, my Dear,
The *Captain*, I'm ſure, will always come here;
I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a Straw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in Awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that Chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
That Men of his Coat ſhould be minding their Pray'rs,
And not among Ladies to give themſelves Airs.

THUS argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain:
The Knight his Opinion reſolved to maintain.

BUT [g] *Hannah*, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a Taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my Maſter's poſſeſt;
Sir *Arthur* the Maliſter! how fine it will ſound!
I'd rather the *Bawn* were ſunk under Ground.

[f] A cant Word in *Ireland* for a poor Country Clergyman.

[g] My Lady's Waiting-woman.

But

But Madam, I gueſs'd there would never come Good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with [b] *Darby* and *Wood*.
And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I ſaw a huge Rat; O dear, how I ſcream'd!
And after, methought, I had loſt my new Shoes;
And *Molly*, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill News.

DEAR Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,
You might have a *Barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
That for twenty Denials you would not give out.
If I had a Huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
'Till he gave me my Will, I would give him no Reſt;
And rather than come in the ſame Pair of Sheets
With ſuch a croſs Man, I wou'd lie in the Streets:
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his Conſent.

DEAR Madam, whene'er of a *Barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
For, if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
I can't get it out, tho' I'd never ſo fain.

[b] Two of Sir *A*——'s Managers.

I fancy

I fancy already a *Barrack* contriv'd
At HAMILTON's *Bawn*, and the Troop is arriv'd;
Of this, to be ſure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next Morning.

Now, ſee, when they meet, how their Honours behave;
Noble *Captain*, your Servant—Sir *Arthur* your Slave;
You honour me much—the Honour is mine,—
'Twas a ſad rainy Night—but the Morning is fine——
Pray how does my Lady?—My Wife's at your Service——
I think I have ſeen her Picture by *Jervis*.—
Good-morrow, good *Captain*,—I'll wait on you down——
You ſhan't ſtir a Foot—You'll think me a Clown—
For all the World, *Captain*, not half an Inch farther——
You muſt be obey'd—your Servant, Sir *Arthur*:
My humble Reſpects to my Lady unknown.—
I hope you will uſe my Houſe as your own.

"Go, bring me my Smock, and leave off your
"Prate,
"Thou haſt certainly got a Cup in thy Pate.

Pray,

Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?——
You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.

NEXT Day, to be ſure, the *Captain* will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with Trumpet and Drum:
Now, Madam, obſerve, how he marches in State:
The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the Boys hallow.
See, now comes the *Captain* all dawb'd with Gold Lace:
O law! the ſweet Gentleman! look in his Face;
And ſee how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
With the fine flaming Sword that he holds in his Hand;
And his Horſe, the dear *Creter*, it prances and rears,
With Ribbons in Knots, at its Tail and its Ears:
At laſt comes the Troop, by the Word of Command,
Drawn up in our Court; when the *Captain* cries, STAND.
Your *Ladyſhip* lifts up the Saſh to be ſeen,
(For ſure, I had *dizen'd* you out like a *Queen*;)
The *Captain*, to ſhew he is proud of the Favour,
Looks up to your Window, and cocks up his Beaver.

His

(His Beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a *Captain* of Horſe never takes off his Hat;
Becauſe he has never a Hand that is idle;
For, the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds the Bridle,)
Then flouriſhes thrice his Sword in the Air,
As a Compliment due to a Lady ſo fair;
(How I tremble to think of the Blood it hath ſpilt)
Then he low'rs down the Point, and kiſſes the Hilt.
Your *Ladyſhip* ſmiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to light, and walk in:
The *Captain* ſalutes you with Congee profound,
And your *Ladyſhip* curt'ſies half way to the Ground.

KIT, run to your Maſter, and bid him come to us,
I'm ſure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us;
And, *Captain*, you'll do us the Favour to ſtay,
And take a ſhort Dinner here with us To-day:
You're heartily welcome: But as for good Chear,
You come in the very worſt Time of the Year:
If I had expected ſo worthy a Gueſt——
Lord! Madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in Jeſt;
You *banter* me, Madam, the Kingdom muſt grant——
You Officers, *Captain*, are ſo complaiſant.

"HIST

"Hist, Huſſy, I think I hear ſome Body coming——
No, Madam; 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.
To ſhorten my Tale (for I hate a long Story)
The *Captain* at Dinner appears in his Glory;
The *Dean* and the [a] *Doctor* have humbled their Pride,
For the *Captain's* entreated to ſit by your Side;
And, becauſe he's their Betters, you carve for him firſt;
The *Parſons*, for Envy, are ready to burſt:
The Servants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their Eyes, as they wait at the Table;
And *Molly* and I have thruſt in our Noſe,
To peep at the *Captain*, in all his fine *Clo'es*:
"Dear Madam, be ſure he's a fine ſpoken Man,
"Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his Tongue ran;"
"And, Madam, ſays he, if ſuch Dinners you give,
"You'll never want *Parſons* as long as you live;
"I ne'er knew a *Parſon* without a good Noſe,
"But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
"G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
"But, Z—s, by their Looks, they never keep Lent:

[a] Doctor *Jenny*, a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood.

" Mister *Curate*, for all your grave Looks, I'm afraid
" You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's Maid,
" I wish she wou'd lend you her pretty white Hand,
" In mending your Cassock, and smoothing your Band:
" (For the *Dean* was so shabby, and look'd like a Ninny,
" That the *Captain* suppos'd he was *Curate* to *Jenny*.)
" Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,
" A Hundred to one, but it covers a Clown;
" Observe how a *Parson* comes into a Room,
" G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom;
" A *Scholard*, when just from his College broke loose,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose;
" Your [b] *Noveds*, and *Blutarks*, and *Omurs* and Stuff,
" By G—they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
" To give a young Gentleman right Education,
" The Army's the only good School in the Nation;
" My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a Fool,
" But at Cuffs I was always the Cock of the School;

[b] *Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.*

" I never

" I never could take to my Book for the Blood
o'me,
" And the Puppy confeſs'd, he expected no Good
o'me.
" He caught me one Morning coquetting his
Wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in
my Life:
" So, I took to the Road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt Man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G—.
" Now, Madam, you'll think it a ſtrange Thing
to ſay,
" But the Sight of a Book makes me ſick to this
Day.

NEVER ſince I was born did I hear ſo much
Wit,
And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhou'd
ſplit.
So, then you look'd ſcornful, and ſniſt at the
Dean,
As, who ſhou'd ſay, *Now, am I*[c] *Skinny and Lean?*
But, he durſt not ſo much as once open his Lips,
And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the Hips.

[c] Nick-Names for my Lady.

THUS mercileſs *Hannah* ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the *Dean* call, *Will your Ladyſhip Walk?*
Her *Ladyſhip* anſwers, *I'm juſt coming down*;
Then, turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,
Altho' it was plain, in her Heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, Huſſy, why ſure the *Wench* is gone mad:
How cou'd theſe *Chimera's* get into your Brains?—
Come hither, and take this old Gown for your Pains.
But the *Dean*, if this Secret ſhou'd come to his Ears,
Will never have done with his Gibes and his Jeers:
For your Life, not a Word of the Matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a *Barrack*, a Fig for the *Clergy*.

An

An Excellent new BALLAD *or the true* Engliſh *Dean* to be hanged for a Rape.*

Written in the Year 1730.

I.

OUR Brethren of *England*, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
A Bleſſing upon them, have ſent us this Year,
For the good of our Church, a true *Engliſh* Dean.
A holier Prieſt ne'er was rapt up in Crape,
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a Rape.

II.

IN his Journey to *Dublin*, he lighted at *Cheſter*,
And there he grew fond of another Man's Wife;
Burſt into her Chamber, and wou'd have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valu'd her Honour much more than her Life.
She buſtled and ſtruggled, and made her Eſcape
To a Room full of Gueſts, for fear of a Rape.

* *S—br—ge*, Dean of *Fernes*.

III.

THE *Dean* he purſu'd to recover his Game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the Company ſtood in Defence of the Dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down Stairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable Scrape,
And this was no Time for committing a Rape.

IV.

To *Dublin* he comes, to the *Bagnio* he goes,
And orders the Landlord to bring him a Whore;
No Scruple came on him his Gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his Life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the Juice of the Grape,
And got a good *Clap*, but committed no Rape.

V.

THE Dean and his Landlord, a jolly Comrade,
Reſolv'd for a Fortnight to ſwim in Delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the Trade
Of drinking all Day, and of whoring all Night.

His

His Landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In ev'ry Debauch, but committing a Rape.

VI.

THIS *Proteſtant* Zealot, this *Engliſh* Divine,
In Church and in State was of Principles found;
Was truer than *Steel* to the *Hanover* Line,
And griev'd that a *Tory* ſhould live above Ground.
Shall a Subject ſo loyal be hang'd by the Nape,
For no other Crime but committing a Rape?

VII.

BY old *Popiſh* Canons, as wiſe Men have penn'd 'em,
Each Prieſt had a Concubine, *jure Eccleſiæ*;
Who'd be Dean of *Fernes* without a *Commendam*?
And Precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, when Whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the Peril, and Toil of a Rape?

VIII.

If Fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a Crochet,
(To thee I apply, great *Smedley's* Succeſſor)
To give thee *Lawn Sleeves*, a *Mitre* and *Rotchet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a Gueſſer;
But I only behold thee in [d] *Atherton's* Shape,
For *Sodomy* hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

XI.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Col'nel *Charires*,
Condemn'd for thy Crime at Threeſcore and ten?
To hang him all *England* would lend him their Garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an Ell of ſtrong Tape,
For thou haſt not a Groat to attone for a Rape;

[d] A Biſhop of *Waterford*, ſent from *England*, a hundred Years ago.

X.

X.

THE Dean he was vex'd that his Whores where so willing:
He long'd for a Girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good Shilling;
But here was to pay the Devil and all.
His Trouble and Sorrows now come in a Heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a Rape.

XI.

IF Maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own Choice;
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with Men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their Voice,
No Devil nor Dean could raviſh 'em then.
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong Hempen Cape,
Ty'd round the Dean's Neck, for committing a Rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear *England* maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant Hearts ſhould be glad;
She ſends us our B—s and J—s and D—s;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had;

But,

But, Lord, how the Rabble will ſtare and will
gape,
When the good *Engliſh* Dean is hang'd up for a
Rape?

The LADY's Dreſſing Room.

Written in the Year 1730.

FIVE Hours, (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty *Cælia* ſpent in dreſſing;
The Goddeſs from her Chamber iſſues,
Array'd in Lace, Brocades, and Tiſſues.
Strephon, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict Survey
Of all the Litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *Inventory* follows here.

And firſt, a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Arm-pits well beſmear'd;
Strephon, the Rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side:

In

In ſuch a Caſe, few Words are beſt,
And *Strephon* bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears how damnably the Men lie,
In calling *Cælia* ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various Combs for various Uſes;
Fill'd up with Dirt ſo elofely fixt,
No Bruſh cou'd force a Way betwixt;
A Paſte of Compoſition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead, and Hair,
A Forehead-Cloth with Oil upon't,
To ſmooth the Wrinkles on her Front:
Here, Allum-Flower to ſtop the Steams,
Exhal'd from four unſav'ry Streams;
There, Night-Gloves made of *Tripſey*'s Hide,
Bequeath'd by *Tripſey* when ſhe died;
With Puppy-Water, Beauty's Help,
Diſtill'd from *Tripſey*'s darling Whelp.
Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with Waſhes, ſome with Paſte;
Some with Pomatums, Paints, and Slops,
And Ointments good for ſcabby Chops.
Hard by, a filthy Baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcowring of her Hands;
The Baſon takes whatever comes,
The Scraping from her Teeth and Gums.

A naſty Compound of all Hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.

But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the Towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
No Object *Strephon's* Eye eſcapes;
Here, Petticoats in frowzy Heaps;
Nor be the Hankerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.
The Stockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the Moiſture of her Toes;
Or greaſy Coifs, or Pinners reeking,
Which *Cælia* ſlept at leaſt a Week in?
A Pair of Tweezers next he found,
To pluck her Brows in Arches round;
Or Hairs that ſink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Briſtles grow.

The Virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of *Cælia's* magnifying Glaſs;
When frighted *Strephon* caſt his Eye on't,
It ſhew'd the Viſage of a Giant:
A Glaſs that can to Sight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt Worm in *Cælia's* Noſe,
And faithfully direct her Nail
To ſqueeze it out from Head to Tail;

For,

For, catch it nicely by the Head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.

WHY, *Strephon*, will you tell the reſt;
And muſt you needs deſcribe the Cheſt?
That careleſs Wench! No Creature warn her
To move it out from yonder Corner?
But leave it ſtanding full in Sight,
For you to exerciſe your Spite.
In vain the Workman ſhew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this Diſguiſe
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,
He lifts the Lid: There needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the Time before.
As, from within *Pandora's* Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A ſudden univerſal Crew
Of human Evils upward flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *Hope* at laſt remain'd behind.

So, *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Cheſt was hid,
The Vapour flew from out the Vent;
But *Strephon*, cautious, never meant

The

The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,
And foul his Hands in ſearch of *Hope.*

O! NE'ER may ſuch a vile Machine
Be once in *Cælia's* Chamber ſeen;
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *Secrets of the hoary Deep* [e].

As Mutton-Cutlets, [f] *prime of Meat,*
Which, though with Art you ſalt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt Fire;
If from [g] *adown* the hopeful Chops,
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To ſtinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
Pois'ning the Fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy Stench,
For which you curſe the careleſs Wench:
So, Things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking Cheſt,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Parts from whence they fell;
The Petticoats and Gown perfume,
And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.

[e] *Milton.*
[f] *Prima Virorum.*
[g] Vid. D——n *D*——'s Works and *N.P*——y's.

THUS finishing his grand Survey,
The Swain disgusted slunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous Fits
Oh! *Cælia, Cælia, Cælia,* sh—.

BUT *Vengeance,* Goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping:
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks;
And, if unsav'ry Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady standing by.
All Women his Description fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits;
By vicious Fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *Contrast.*

I PITY wretched *Strephon,* blind
To all the Charms of Woman Kind.
Should I the *Queen of Love* refuse,
Because she rose from stinking Ooze!
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but some pocky Quean.

WHEN *Cælia* all her Glory shows,
If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams,
Her washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he makes so foul a Rout;

He

He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd Eyes to ſee
Such Order from Confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.

The Power of TIME *.

Written in the Year 1730.

IF neither Braſs nor Marble can withſtand
The mortal Force of *Time*'s deſtructive Hand;
If Mountains ſink to Vales, if Cities die,
And leſs'ning Rivers mourn their Fountains dry;
When my old Caſſock (ſaid a *Welſh* Divine)
Is out at Elbows; why ſhould I repine?

* *Scarron* hath written a larger Poem on the ſame Subject.

THE

THE REVOLUTION at *Market-Hill.*

Written in the Year 1730.

FROM diſtant Regions Fortune ſends
An odd Triumvirate of Friends;
Where *Phœbus* pays a ſcanty Stipend,
Where never yet a Codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantick Goddeſs draws
Three Suff'rers in a ruin'd Cauſe:
By Faction baniſh'd here unite,
A D——n, a [a] *Spaniard*, and a Knight;
Unite, but on Conditions cruel;
The D——n and *Spaniard* find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in Service hard;
On either Side his Honour's guard,
The Dean to guard his Honour's Back,
Muſt build a Caſtle at [b] *Drumlack*;

[a] Col. *Harry Leſlie*, who ſerv'd and liv'd long in *Spain*.

[b] The *Iriſh* Name of a Farm the *D—n* took, and was to build on, but changed his Mind: He called it *Drapier's Hill*. See that Poem.

The *Spaniard*, ſore againſt his Will,
Muſt raiſe a Fort at *Market-Hill*.
And thus, the Pair of humble Gentry,
At *North* and *South* are poſted Centry;
While in his lordly Caſtle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the Wretches moſt reſent,
To be his Slaves, muſt pay him Rent;
Attend him daily as their *Chief*,
Decant his Wine, and carve his Beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a Scandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the Merits of the Three,
His Slaves have ten times more than he.

PROUD Baronet of *Nova Scotia!*
The D——n and *Spaniard* muſt reproach ye:
Of their two Fames the World enough rings;
Where are *thy* Services and Suff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the Grain, a M——'s Fiſt?
What if among the Courtly Tribe
You loſt a Place, and ſav'd a Bribe?
And then in ſurly Mood came here
To fifteen hundred Pounds a Year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.

How

How dare you treat your Betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

COME, *Spaniard*, let us from our Farms
Call forth our Cottagers to Arms;
Our Forces let us both unite,
Attack the Foe at Left and Right:
From [b] *Market-Hill's* exalted Head,
Full northward let your Troops be led;
While I from *Drapier's-Mount* descend,
And to the South my Squadrons bend.
New-River-Walk with friendly Shade,
Shall keep my Host in Ambuscade;
While you, from where the Bason stands,
Shall scale the Rampart with your Bands.
Nor need we doubt the Fort to win;
I hold Intelligence within.
True, Lady *Anne* no Danger fears,
Brave as the *Upton* Fan she wears;
Then left upon our first Attack
Her valiant Arm should force us back,
And we of all our Hopes depriv'd;
I have a Stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd Shoes,
She shall be caught as in a Noose;
So well contriv'd her Toes to pinch,
She'll not have Pow'r to stir an Inch:

[b] A Village near Sir *A*——— *A*———'s Seat.

Theſe gaudy Shoes muſt [c] *Hannah* place
Direct before her Lady's Face;
The Shoes put on, our faithful Portreſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the Fortreſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like *Montezume* in golden Chains,
Or like a Cat with Walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at ev'ry ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly Hunters thus, in *Borneo's* Iſle,
To catch a Monkey by a Wile,
The mimick Animal amuſe,
They place before him Gloves and Shoes;
Which when the Brute puts aukward on,
All his Agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The Huntſmen ſeize the grinning Prize.

BUT let us on our firſt Aſſault
Secure the Larder and the Vault:
The valiant [d] *Dennis* you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with [e] *Peggy Dixon:*
Then if we once can ſeize the Key
And Cheſt, that keeps my Lady's Tea,
They muſt ſurrender at Diſcretion:
And ſoon as we have gain'd Poſſeſſion,

[c] My Lady's Waiting-Maid.
[d] The Butler. [e] The Houſe-keeper.

We'll

We'll act as other Conq'rors do,
Divide the Realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the Knight
Our Clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like [f] *Lorimer*, to wear his Hat;
Yet, when we dine without a Friend,
We'll place him at the lower End.
Madam, whoſe Skill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. *Leſlie*;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper,
That her own Maid ſhould over-top her;
To mortify the Creature more,
We'll take her Heels five Inches low'r.

For *Hannah*, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our Int'reſt to get rid of her:
And when we execute our Plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the Spot;
As all your Politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the Rogues by whom they riſe.

[f] The Agent.

TRAULUS.

A Dialogue between *Tom* and *Robin*.

The Firſt PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

Tom. SAY, *Robin*, what can *Traulus* mean
By bell'wing thus againſt the *Dean*?
Why does he call him paltry Scribler,
Papiſt, and *Jacobite*, and *Lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a ſingle Fact?

Robin. Forgive him, *Tom*, his Head is crackt.

Tom. What Miſchief can the D— have done him,
That *Traulus* calls for Vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the People's Fav'rite?
Revile that Nation-ſaving Paper,
Which gave the D--- the Name of *Draper*!

Robin. Why, *Tom*, I think the Caſe is plain,
Party and Spleen have turn'd his Brain.

Tom.

Tom. Such Friendſhip never Man profeſt,
The D—— was never ſo careſt;
For *Traulus* long his Rancour nurſt,
'Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a Porter,
How could it thus conceal a Courtier?

Robin. I own, Appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the Man is mad.

Tom. Yet many a Wretch in *Bedlam* knows
How to diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And, tho' perhaps among the Rout,
He wildly flings his Filth about;
He ſtill has Gratitude and Sap'ence,
To ſpare the Folks that give him Ha'pence;
Nor in their Eyes at Random piſſes,
But turns aſide, like mad *Ulyſſes*:
While *Traulus* all his Ordure ſcatters,
To foul the Man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent Fits?

Robin. Why *Tom*, the Man has loſt his Wits!

Tom. Agreed: And yet when *Towzer* ſnaps
At People's Heels with frothy Chaps;
Hangs down his Head, and drops his Tail,
To ſay he's mad, will not avail:

The Neighbours all cry, *Shoot him dead,*
Hang, drown̄, or knock him on the Head.
So *Traulus* when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without Diſpute,
Towzer's the leſs offenſive Brute.

Robin. Tom, you miſtake the Matter quite;
Your barking Curs will ſeldom bite;
And tho' you hear him Stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpight of all Impediment,
While none believes that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his Finger and his Thumb,
To grope for Words and out they come.
He calls you Rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a Minute:
Begs Leave to rail, but d——n his Blood,
He only meant it for your Good:
His Friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
He ſhot before your Foes were prim'd,
By this Contrivance, Mr. D——
By G—— I'll bring you off as clean ——g
Then let me uſe you e'er ſo rough,
'Twas all for Love, and that's enough.

g This is the uſual Excuſe of *Traulus,* when he abuſes you to others without Provocation.

But

But though he ſputter thro' a Seſſion,
It never makes the leaſt Impreſſion:
Whate'er he ſpeaks for Madneſs goes,
With no Effect on Friends or Foes.

Tom. The ſcrubbieſt Cur in all the Pack,
Can ſet the Maſtiff on your Back.
I own, his Madneſs is a Jeſt,
If that were all. But he's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand Imps,
To work whoſe Ends his Madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each String and Wire preſide,
Fill ev'ry Pipe, each Motion guide:
Directing ev'ry Vice we find
In Scripture to the Devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal Region,
In him they lodge, and make him *Legion*,
Of *Brethren* he's a *falſe Accuſer*;
A Sland'rer, Traitor, and Seducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning Liar;
The Marks peculiar of his Sire.
Or, grant him but a Drone at beſt;
A Drone can raiſe a Hornet's Neſt.
The D—— hath felt their Stings before;
And muſt their Malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his Noſe?
But *Ireland's* Friends ne'er wanted Foes.

A Pa-

A Patriot is a dang'rous Poſt
When wanted by his Country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil Times;
Where Virtues are imputed Crimes.
His Guilt is clear, the Proofs are pregnant,
A Traytor to the Vices regnant.

WHAT Spirit ſince the World began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with Man?* !
Which God pronounc'd he never wou'd,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a Flood.
Yet ſtill the D—on Freedom raves,
His Spirit always ſtrives with Slaves.
'Tis Time at laſt to ſpare his Ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS

TRAULUS.

The Second PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

TRAULUS of amphibious Breed,
Motly Fruit of Mungril Seed;
By the *Dam* from Lordlings ſprung,
By the *Sire* exhal'd from Dung:
Think on every Vice in both,
Look on him and ſee their Growth.

VIEW him on the Mother's Side,
Fill'd with Falſhood, Spleen, and Pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering,
Spightful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in Tongue, in Heart a Coward;
When his Friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their Pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt Friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgment weak, and Paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong:

Provo-

Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his Head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

LET me now the Vices trace,
From the *Father's* ſcoundrel Race.
Who could give the Looby ſuch Airs?
Were they *Maſons*, were they *Butchers?*
Herald lend the Muſe an Anſwer;
From his *Atavus* and Grandſire:
This was dext'rous at his Trowel,
That was bred to kill a Cow well;
Hence the greaſy clumſy Mien,
In his Dreſs and Figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid Soul,
Like his Body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious Peep,
Like a Rogue that ſteals a Sheep;
Hence he learnt the Butcher's Guile,
How to cut your Throat and ſmile;
Like a Butcher doom'd for Life,
In his *Mouth* to wear his *Knife:*
Hence he draws his daily Food,
From his Tenants vital Blood.

LASTLY, let his Gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the Maſon's-ſide:

Some

Some perhaps may think him able
In the State to build a *Babel*;
Cou'd we place him in a Station,
To deſtroy the old *Foundation!*
True, indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Cou'd he learn to *mount a Ladder*:
May he at his latter End
Mount alive, and dead deſcend.

In him, tell me which prevail,
Female Vices moſt, or Male,
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human Race, or *Imps* of *Hell?*

To *BETTY* the Grizette.

Written in the Year 1730.

QUEEN of Wit and Beauty, *Betty!*
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy Face charms ev'ry Shepherd,
Spotted over like a Leopard,
And, thy freckled Neck diſplaid,
Envy breeds in ev'ry Maid.

Like

Like a fly-blown Cake of Tallow,
Or on Parchment Ink turn'd yellow:
Or a tawny ſpeckled Pippin
Shrivel'd with a Winter's keeping.

And, thy Beauty thus diſpatch'd;
Let me praiſe thy Wit unmatch'd.

SETS of Phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy Tongue ſupply.
And the Memory is loaded
With old Scraps from Plays exploded:
Stockt with Repartees and Jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian Folks:
Shreds of Wit, and ſenſeleſs Rhymes,
Blunder'd out a Thouſand Times.
Nor wilt thou of Gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing.
Picking Wit among Collegians,
In the Play-Houſe upper Regions;
Where, in Eighteen-penny Gall'ry,
Iriſh Nymphs learn *Iriſh* Raillery;
But, thy Merit is thy Failing,
And thy Raillery is Railing.

THUS with Talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;

When

When you pertly raiſe your Snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout:
This, among *Hibernian* Aſſes,
For ſheer Wit, and Humour paſſes!
Thus, indulgent *Chloe* bit,
Swears you have a World of Wit.

DEATH and DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the Year 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn Day,
At *Pluto's* Hall, his Court to pay:
The Phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly Monarch's ſooty Fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly Bills
Of Doctors, Fevers, Plagues, and Pills.
Pluto obſerving ſince the Peace,
The burial Article decreaſe;
And vext to ſee Affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in Council, *Death* muſt marry:

Vow'd

Like a fly-blown Cake of Tallow,
Or on Parchment Ink turn'd yellow:
Or a tawny ſpeckled Pippin
Shrivel'd with a Winter's keeping.

And, thy Beauty thus diſpatch'd;
Let me praiſe thy Wit unmatch'd.

SETS of Phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy Tongue ſupply.
And the Memory is loaded
With old Scraps from Plays exploded:
Stockt with Repartees and Jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian Folks:
Shreds of Wit, and ſenſeleſs Rhymes,
Blunder'd out a Thouſand Times.
Nor wilt thou of Gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing.
Picking Wit among Collegians,
In the Play-Houſe upper Regions;
Where, in Eighteen-penny Gall'ry,
Iriſh Nymphs learn *Iriſh* Raillery;
But, thy Merit is thy Failing,
And thy Raillery is Railing.

THUS with Talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;

When

When you pertly raise your Snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout:
This, among *Hibernian* Asses,
For sheer Wit, and Humour passes!
Thus, indulgent *Chloe* bit,
Swears you have a World of Wit.

DEATH and DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the Year 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn Day,
At *Pluto's* Hall, his Court to pay:
The Phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly Monarch's sooty Fist,
Presented him the weekly Bills
Of Doctors, Fevers, Plagues, and Pills.
Pluto observing since the Peace,
The burial Article decrease;
And vext to see Affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in Council, *Death* must marry:

Vow'd

Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old Batchelors about his Court:
The Int'reſt of his Realm had need
That *Death* ſhould get a num'rous Breed;
Young *Deathlings*, who, by Practice made
Proficient in their Father's Trade,
With Colonies might ſtock around
His large Dominions under Ground.

A Consult of Coquets below
Was call'd, to rig him out a Beau:
From her own Head, *Megæra* takes
A Periwig of twiſted Snakes;
Which in the niceſt Faſhion curl'd,
Like [b] *Toupets* of this upper World,
(With Flow'r of Sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his Shoulders fell)
An Adder of the ſable Kind,
In Line direct, hung down behind.
The Owl, the Raven, and the Bat,
Club'd for a Feather to his Hat;
His Coat, an Us'rer's Velvet Pall,
Bequeath'd to *Pluto*, Corps and all.
But loth his Perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a Carcaſe pickt by Crows,
A Lawyer o'er his Hands and Face,
Stuck artfully a Parchment Caſe.

[b] The Periwigs now in Faſhion are ſo called.

No

No new-fluxt Rake ſhew'd fairer Skin;
Not *Phillis* after lying in.
With Snuff was fill'd his Ebon Box,
Of Shin-bones rotted by the Pox.
Nine Spirits of blaſphemihg Fops,
With Aconite anoint his Chops:
And give him Words of dreadful Sounds,
G—d d—n his Blood, and B—d and W—ds.

THUS furniſht out, he ſent his Train
To take a Houſe in *Warwick-Lane*:
The *Faculty*, his humble Friends,
A complimental Meſſage ſends:
Their Preſident, in Scarlet Gown,
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to Town.

BUT *Death* had Bus'neſs to diſpatch;
His Mind was running on his Match.
And, hearing much of *Daphne's* Fame,
His *Majeſty of Terrors* came,
Fine as a Col'nel of the Guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſat at Cards:
She, as he came into the Room,
Thought him *Adonis* in his Bloom.
And now her Heart with Pleaſure jumps,
She ſcarce remembers what is Trumps.
For, ſuch a Shape of Skin and Bone
Was never ſeen except her own:

Charm'd with his Eyes and Chin and Snout,
Her Pocket-Glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her Phiz,
As juſt the Counterpart of his.
She darted many a private Glance,
And freely made the firſt Advance.
Was of her Beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *Swain.*
Nothing ſhe thought cou'd ſooner gain him,
Than with her Wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her Friends below;
This meagre Fop, that batter'd Beau:
Whether ſome late departed Toaſts
Had got Gallants among the Ghoſts?
If *Chloe* were a Sharper ſtill,
As great as ever, at Quadrille?
(The Ladies there muſt needs be Rooks,
For, Cards we know, are *Pluto's* Books)
If *Florimel* had found her Love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft a Week was kept a Ball
By *Proſerpine*, at *Pluto*'s Hall?
She fancied, thoſe *Elyſian* Shades
The ſweeteſt Place for Maſquerades:
How pleaſant on the Banks of Styx,
To troll it in a Coach and Six!

WHAT Pride a Female Heart enflames!
How endleſs are Ambition's Aims!
Ceaſe, haughty Nymph; the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a Spouſe for thee:
For, when by Chance the meagre Shade
Upon thy Hand his Finger laid;
Thy Hand as dry and cold as Lead;
His matrimonial Spirit fled,
He felt about his Heart a Damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd *Cupid's* Lamp:
Away the frighted Spectre ſcuds,
And leaves my Lady in the Suds.

On *Stephen Duck* the Threſher, and Favourite Poet.

A QUBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1730.

THE Threſher *Duck*, coul'd o'er the Q—
prevail,
The Proverb ſays, *No Fence againſt a Flail.*
From *threſhing* Corn, he turns to *threſh* his Brains;
For which her *M———y* allows him *Grains.*

Though 'tis confeſt that thoſe who ever ſaw
His Poems, think them all not worth a *Straw!*
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threſhing *Stubble!*
Thy Toil is leſſen'd, and thy Profits double.

A PANEGYRICK ON THE D—n, in the Perſon of a Lady in the *North*.

Written in the Year 1730.

RESOLV'D my Gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice Rev'rend D—n, for all I owe,
Too long I have my Thanks delay'd;
Your Favours left too long unpay'd;
But now in all our Sexes Name,
My artleſs Muſe ſhall ſing your Fame.

INDULGENT you to Female Kind,
To all their weaker Sides are blind;

Nine

Nine more ſuch Champions as the D—n,
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient Reign.
How well to win the Ladies-Hearts,
You celebrate their Wit and Parts!
How have I felt my Spirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft, ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing Tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that aukward Shame
Affected by each Vulgar Dame,
To Modeſty a weak Pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on Men of Senſe,
To ſhew my Face with ſcornful Air,
Let others match it if they dare.

IMPATIENT to be out of Debt,
O, may I never once forget
The Bard, who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe.
Behind my Back, before my Noſe,
He ſounds my Praiſe in Verſe and Proſe.

MY Heart with Emulation burns
To make you ſuitable Returns:
My Gratitude the World ſhall know:
And, ſee, the Printer's Boy below;
Ye Hawkers all, your Voices lift:
A Panegyrick on D—n S—

And then, to mend the Matter ſtill;
By Lady *Anne* of [a] *Market Hill.*

I THUS begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the D— in diff'rent Views;
D—n, Butler, Uſher, Jeſter, Tutor;
[b] *Robert* and *Darby's* Coadjutor:
And as you in Commiſſion ſit,
To rule the Dairy next to [c] *Kit.*

IN each Capacity I mean
To ſing your Praiſe. And firſt as D—n:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your Grandeur:
Nor of your Rank will bate an Ace,
Except to give D——n *D——l* Place.
In you ſuch Dignity appears;
So ſuited to your State and Years!
With Ladies what a ſtrict Decorum!
With what Devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much Complaiſance,
As fits a Princeſs in Romance.
By your Example and Aſſiſtance,
The *Fellows* learn to know their Diſtance.

[a] A Village near Sir *A——A——*'s Houſe, where the Author paſſed two Summers.
[b] The Names of two Overſeers.
[c] My Lady's Footman.

Sir

Sir *A——r*, ſince you ſet the Pattern,
No longer calls me *Snipe* and *Slattern*;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a Duke,
Offend me with the leaſt Rebuke.

PROCEED we to your [d] Preaching next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt Text!
How your Superior Learning ſhines
Above our neighb'ring dull Divines!
At *Beggar's Opera* not ſo full Pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our Pulpit.

CONSIDER now your Converſation,
Regardful of your Age and Station.
You ne'er was known, by Paſſion ſtir'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive Word:
But ſtill, whene'er you Silence break,
Watch ev'ry Syllable you ſpeak:
Your Style ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a Parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from Head to Heel;
So fine a Gown, a Band ſo clean,
As well becomes St. *P——k's* D——
Such reverential Awe expreſs,
That Cow-boys know you by your Dreſs!

[d] The Author preached but once while he was there.

Then, if our neighb'ring Friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear!
With ſuch Addreſs, and graceful Port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at Court!

Now raiſe your Spirits, Mr. D——n,
I lead you to a nobler Scene;
When to the Vault you walk in State,
In Quality of [e] *Butler's* Mate;
You, next, to *Dennis* bear the Sway;
To you we often truſt the Key:
Nor can he judge with all his Art
So well, what Bottle holds a Quart:
What Pints may beſt for Bottles paſs,
Juſt to give ev'ry Man his Glaſs:
When proper to produce the beſt;
And what may ſerve a common Gueſt.
With [f] *Dennis* you did ne'er combine,
Not you to ſteal your Maſter's Wine;
Except a Bottle now and then,
To welcome *Brother* Serving-men;
But, that is with a good Deſign,
To drink Sir *A——r*'s Health and mine;
Your Maſter's Honour to maintain;
And get the like Returns again.

[e] He ſometimes uſed to direct the Butler.
[f] The Butler.

YOUR

Your [g] Uſher's Poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a Man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful Guardſhip,
I now deſpiſe Fatigue and Hardſhip:
Familiar grown to Dirt and Wet,
Though daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:
From you my Chamber-Damſels learn
My broken Hoſe to patch and darn.

Now, as a Jeſter, I accoſt you;
Which never yet one Friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a Hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare.
By long Experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of ev'ry Taſte to know the Size,
There's none ſo ignorant or weak
[h] To take Offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a Caſe
Whether with *Dermot*, or *His Grace*;
With *Teague O' Murphy*, or an Earl,
A Ducheſs or a Kitchen Girl.
With ſuch Dexterity you fit
Their ſev'ral Talents to your Wit.
That *Moll* the Chamber-maid can ſmoke,
And *Gaghagan* take ev'ry Joke.

[g] He ſometimes uſed to walk with the Lady.
[h] The neighbouring Ladies were no great Underſtanders of Raillery.

I NOW

I now become your humble Suitor,
To let me praiſe you as my [i] Tutor.
Poor I, a Savage bred and born,
By you inſtructed ev'ry Morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The Neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the Ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my Book!
And, ſure as they're alive at Night,
As ſoon as gone, will ſhow their Spight:
Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty D—n!
She's grown ſo nice, and ſo [k] *penurious*,
With *Socrates* and *Epicurius*.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long Day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?

But, I admire your Patience moſt;
That when I'm duller than a Poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt Word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

[i] In bad Weather the Author uſed to direct my Lady in her Reading.

[k] Ignorant Ladies often miſtake the Lord *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

Are

Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling Child.
So gentle is your whole Proceeding,
That I could ſpend my Life in reading.

You merit new Employments daily:
Our Thatcher, Ditcher, Gard'ner, Baily.
And, to a Genius ſo extenſive,
No Work is grievous or offenſive.
Whether, your fruitful Fancy lies
To make for Pigs convenient Styes,
Or, ponder long, with anxious Thought,
To baniſh Rats that haunt our Vault.
Nor have you grumbled, rev'rend D——n,
To keep our Poultry ſweet and clean;
To ſweep the Manſion-houſe they dwell in;
And cure the rank unſav'ry Smelling.

Now, enter as the Dairy Hand-Maid:
Such charming[1] Butter never Man made.
Let others with Fanatick Face,
Talk of their *Milk* for *Babes of Grace*;
From *Tubs* their ſnuffling Nonſenſe utter:
Thy *Milk* ſhall make us *Tubs* of Butter.
The Biſhop with his *Foot* may burn it,
But with his *Hand*, the Dean can churn it.

[1] A Way of making Butter for Breakfaſt, by filling a Bottle with Cream, and ſhaking it till the Butter comes.

How

How are the Servants overjoy'd
To ſee thy D—nſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a Book,
Providing Butter for the Cook!
Three Morning-Hours you toſs and ſhake
The Bottle, till your Fingers ake:
Hard is the Toil, nor ſmall the Art,
The Butter from the Whey to part;
Behold, a frothy Subſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your Bottle flies.
The Butter comes, our Fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an Ounce at leaſt.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like Succeſs,
Nor is your Skill, or Labour leſs,
When bent upon ſome ſmart Lampoon,
You toſs and turn your Brain till Noon;
Which, in its Jumblings round the Skull,
Dilates and makes the Veſſel full:
While nothing comes but Froth at firſt,
You think your giddy Head will burſt:
But, ſqueezing out four Lines in Rhime,
Are largely paid for all your Time.

But, you have rais'd your gen'rous Mind,
To Works of more exalted Kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The Grandeur of the Art of Building.

Two

Two Temples of magnific Size,
Attract the curious Trav'ler's Eyes,
That might be envy'd by the *Greeks*;
Rais'd up by you in twenty Weeks:
Here, gentle Goddeſs *Cloacine*
Receives all Off'rings at her Shrine.
In ſep'rate Cells the He's and She's
Here pay their Vows with *bended Knees*:
(For, 'tis profane when Sexes mingle,
And e'ery Nymph muſt enter ſingle,
And when ſhe feels an *inward Motion*,
Come fill'd with *Rev'rence* and Devotion.)
The baſhful Maid, to hide her Bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a Buſh;
Here unobſerv'd, ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay to *pluck a Roſe*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd Scene,
Be not ungrateful to the D——n;
But dully e'er you leave your Station,
Offer to him a pure Libation;
Or of his own, or [m] *Smedley's* Lay,
Or Billet-doux, or Lock of Hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted Thumb.

[m] See the Character hereafter.

Yet

YET when your loſty Domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient Days.
Permit me then to raiſe my Style,
And ſweetly moralize awhile.

THEE, bounteous Goddeſs, *Cloacine*,
To Temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open Air to breath;
Why are thine Altars fixt beneath?

WHEN *Saturn* rul'd the Skies alone,
That *golden* Age, to *Gold* unknown;
This earthly Globe to thee aſſign'd,
Receiv'd the Gifts of all Mankind.
Ten thouſand Altars *ſmoaking* round,
Were built to thee, with Off'rings crown'd:
And here thy daily Vot'ries plac'd
Their Sacrifice with Zeal and Haſte:
The Margin of a purling Stream,
Sent up to thee a grateful Steam.
(Tho' ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If *Naiads* ſwept them from the Brink)
Or, where appointing Lovers rove,
The Shelter of a ſhady Grove;
Or, offer'd in ſome flow'ry Vale,
Were wafted by a gentle Gale,
There, many a Flow'r abſterſive grew,
Thy fav'rite Flow'rs of yellow Hue;

The Crocus and the Daffodil,
The Cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet Jonquil.

BUT, when at laſt uſurping *Jove*,
Old *Saturn* from his Empire drove;
Then *Gluttony* with greaſy Paws,
Her Napkin pinn'd up to her Jaws,
With watry Chaps, and wagging Chin,
Brac'd like a Drum her oily Skin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious Elbow-Chair,
And on her plate a treble Share,
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs Man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her Prieſt in Wooden Shoes,
From haughty *Gauls* to make Ragoos.
Inſtead of wholeſome Bread and Cheeſe,
To dreſs their Soupes and Fricaſſees;
And, for our home-bred *Britiſh* Cheer,
Botargo, Catſup, and Caveer.

THIS bloated Harpy ſprung from Hell,
Confin'd Thee, Goddeſs, to a Cell:
Sprung from her Womb that impious Line,
Contemners of thy Rites divine.
Firſt, lolling, *Sloth* in Woollen Cap,
Taking her after-dinner Nap:
Pale *Dropſy* with a ſallow Face,
Her Belly burſt, and ſlow her Pace:

And

And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in Furr:
And wheezing *Aſthma*, loth to ſtir:
Voluptuous *Eaſe*, the Child of *Wealth*,
Infecting thus our Hearts by Stealth;
None ſeek thee now in open Air
To thee no verdant Altars rear:
But, in their Cells and Vaults obſcene
Preſent a Sacrifice unclean;
From whence unſav'ry Vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer Noſe.
Ah! who in our degen'rate Days
As Nature prompts, his Off'ring pays?
Here, Nature never Diff'rence made
Between the Sceptre and the Spade.

YE Great Ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your Tribute on the Plain?
Why will you place in lazy Pride
Your Altars near your Couches Side?
[a] When from the homelieſt Earthen Ware
Are ſent up Off'rings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty Ducheſs locks
Her Silver Vaſe in Cedar-Box.

YET, ſome Devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs Northern Swains;

[a] Vide *Virgil* and *Lucretius*.

Whoſe

Whoſe Off'rings plac'd in golden Ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal River's Banks:
Nor ſeldom grace the flow'ry Downs,
With ſpiral Tops, and Copple-Crowns:
Or gilding in a ſunny Morn
The humble Branches of a Thorn.
(So Poets ſing, with golden Bough
The *Trojan* Hero paid his Vow.)

HITHER by luckleſs Error led,
The crude Conſiſtence oft I tread,
Here, when my Shoes are out of Caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd Lace:
Here, by the ſacred Bramble ting'd,
My Petticoat is doubly fring'd.

BE Witneſs for me, Nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with Deſign:
Nor will the zealous *Hannah* pout
To waſh thy injur'd Off'rings out.

BUT, ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on Subjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty Heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my Head;
With Hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a Flight.

[a] *Virg.* lib. vi.

Me [b] *Phœbus* in a [c] Midnight Dream
Accoſting, ſaid [d] *Go ſhake your Cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your Poſt;
Sweeten your Tea, and watch your Toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly Style:
Teach *Dennis* how to ſtir the *Guile:*
With [e] *Peggy Dixon* thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the Pot and Spit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling Sails,
And rub thy Teeth, and pare thy Nails:
At nicely carving ſhew thy Wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a Bit:
Turn ev'ry Way thy watchful Eye;
And ev'ry Gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your Board be known
An empty Plate except your own.
[f] Be theſe thy Arts: nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural Dame.

But, *Cloacina* Goddeſs bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his Right:

[b] *Cynthius aurem vellit.* Hor.
[c] *Cum ſomnia vera.* Idem.
[d] In the Bottle to make Butter.
[e] Mrs. *Dixon* the Houſe-Keeper.
[f] *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

And

And g *Smedley*, Flow'r of all Divines,
Shall ſing the D—n in *Smedley's* Lines.

The Place of the DAMN'D.

Written in the Year 1731.

ALL Folks, who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the Place:
But if HELL may by Logical Rules be defin'd
The Place of the Damn'd——I'll tell you my Mind.

WHEREVER the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *Poets*, damn'd *Criticks*, damn'd *Blockheads*, damn'd *Knaves*,
Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *Slaves*;
Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, damn'd *Lords* and damn'd *Squires*;
Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, damn'd *Friends* and damn'd *Lyars*;

g A very ſtupid, inſolent, factious, deformed, conceited Parſon, a vile Pretender to Poetry, preferred by the D. of *Grafton* for his Wit.

Damn'd *Villains*, corrupted in every *Station*;
Damn'd *Time ſerving Prieſts* all over the *Nation*,
And into the Bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *Prelates*, and *Counſellors Privy*.
Then let us no longer by *Parſons be flamm'd*,
For we know by theſe *Marks*, the Place of the Damn'd;
And HELL to be ſure is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
How Happy for *Us* that it is not at *Home!*

A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.

Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

CORINNA, Pride of *Drury-Lane*,
For whom no Shepherd ſighs in vain:
Never did *Covent-Garden* boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling Toaſt;
No drunken Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to ſup;
Returning at the Midnight Hour,
Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;

Then

Then ſeated on a three-legg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair.
Now, picking out a cryſtal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-brows from a Mouſe's Hide,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a Play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dex'trouſly her Plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwiſts a Wire, and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddeſs
Unlaces next her Steel-rib'd Bodice;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Preſs down the Lumps, the Hollows fill;
Up goes her Hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The Bolſters that ſupply her Hips.
With gentleſt Touch, ſhe next explores
Her Chancres, Iſſues, running Sores;
Effects of many a ſad Diſaſter,
And then to each applies a Plaſter,
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the Daubs of White and Red,
And ſmooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greaſy Paper ſtuck upon't.

She takes a *Bolus* e'er ſhe ſheeps;
And then between two Blankets creeps,
With Pains of Love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her Eyes,
Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the Laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or by a faithleſs Bully drawn,
At ſome Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn;
Or, to *Jamaica* ſeems tranſported,
[h] Alone, and by no Planter courted;
Or, near *Fleet-Ditch's* oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred Stinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome Cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with Fear, her Fancy runs
On Watchmen, Conſtables, and Duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent Rubs;
But, never from religious Clubs;
Whoſe Favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in Kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful Sight!
Behold the Ruins of the Night!
A wicked Rat her Plaſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.

[h] ——— *Et longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam ——— Virg.

The

The cryſtal Eye, alas! was miſt;
And puſs had on her Plumpers p-ſt.
A Pigeon pickt her Iſſue Peas:
And *Shock* her Treſſes fill'd with Fleas.

THE Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight,
Muſt ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her Arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd Parts?
Or ſhew the Anguiſh, Toil, and Pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
Who ſees will ſpew; who ſmells be poiſon'd.

STREPHON and CHLOE.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF *Chloe* all the Town has rung,
By ev'ry Size of Poets ſung:
So beautiful a Nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand Years:
By Nature form'd with niceſt Care,
And, faultleſs to a ſingle Hair.
Her graceful Mien, her Shape, and Face,
Confeſt her of no mortal Race:
And then, ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such Cleanlineſs from Head to Heel:
No Humours groſs, or frowzy Steams,
No noiſome Whiffs, or ſweaty Streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs Body flow.
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a Roſe.
Her deareſt Comrades never never caught her
Squat on her Hams to make Maid's Water.
You'd ſwear, that ſo divine a Creature
Felt no Neceſſities of Nature.
In Summer, had ſhe walk'd the Town,
Her Arm-pits would not ſtain her Gown:

At Country-Dances, not a Noſe
Could in the Dog-Days ſmell her Toes.
Her Milk-white Hand, both Palms and Backs,
Like Iv'ry dry, and ſoft as Wax.
Her Hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
[1] Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.

DEAR *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your Trade.
While ſhe engroſſes ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.
Think what a Caſe all Men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing;
What powder'd Wigs! What Flames and Darts!
What Hampers full of bleeding Hearts!
What Sword-knots! What poetick Strains!
What Billet-doux, and clouded Canes!

BUT *Strephon* ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a Settlement along:
And bravely drove his Rivals down
With Coach and Six, and Houſe in Town.
The baſhful Nymphs no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear Papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the Marriage-Rites.

[1] Tho' deep, yet clear, *&c.* *Denham.*

IMPRIMIS,

IMPRIMIS, at the Temple-Porch
Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch:
The ſmiling *Cyprian* Goddeſs brings
Her infant Loves with purple Wings;
And Pigeons billing, Sparrows treading,
Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.
The Muſes next in Order follow,
Conducted by their Squire *Apollo*:
Then *Mercury*, with Silver Tongue,
And *Hebe*, Goddeſs ever young.
Behold the Bridegroom and his Bride
Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But, he by *Mars*, in Scarlet Veſt.
The Nymph was cover'd with her [k] *Flammeum*,
And *Phœbus* ſung th' [l] *Epithalamium*.
And, laſt, to make the Matter ſure,
Dame *Juno* brought a Prieſt demure.
[m] *Luna* was abſent on Pretence
Her Time was not till nine Months hence.

THE Rites perform'd, the Parſon paid,
In State return'd the grand Parade;
With loud Huzza's from all the Boys,
That, now the Pair muſt *crown their Joys*.

[k] A Veil which the *Roman* Brides cover'd themſelves with, when they were going to be married.
[l] A Marriage-ſong.
[m] *Diana*, Goddeſs of Midwives.

BUT

BUT ſtill the hardeſt Part remains,
Strephon had long perplex'd his Brains,
How with ſo high a Nymph he might
Demean himſelf the Wedding-Night:
For, as he view'd his Perſon round,
Mere mortal Fleſh was all he found:
His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth and Feet
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other Parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The Ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The Weather and his Love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what——
Why let it go, if I muſt tell it——
He'll ſweat, and then the Nymph may ſmell it.
While ſhe a Goddeſs dy'd in Grain,
Was unſuſceptible of Stain:
And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
Exhal'd *Ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a Deity endure
A mortal human Touch impure?
How did the humbled Swain deteſt
His prickly Beard, and hairy Breaſt!
His Night-cap border'd round with Lace
Could give no Softneſs to his Face.

YET, if the Goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs Raptures muſt he find!

And,

And, Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal Men:
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a Book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed.
But, what if he ſhould loſe his Life
By vent'ring *on* his heavenly Wife?
For *Strephon* could remember well,
That once he heard a School-boy tell,
How *Semele* of mortal Race
By Thunder died in *Jove's* Embrace:
And what if daring *Strephon* dies
By Lightning ſhot from *Chloe's* Eyes?

WHILE theſe Reflections fill'd his Head,
The Bride was put in Form to Bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his Diſtance kept.

Now, *Ponder well ye Parents dear*;
Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer;
And, make them ev'ry Afternoon
Forbear their Tea, or drink it ſoon:
That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry Sup:
If not, they muſt in evil Plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at Night,

Keep them to wholſome Food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes Wind;
('Tis this [m] the Sage of *Samos* means,
Forbidding his Diſciples Beans)
O! think what Evils muſt enſue;
Miſs *Moll* the Jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the Art,
She cannot help it for her Heart;
But, out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her Bridegroom in the Wedding-Sheets.
[n] *Carminative* and [o] *Diuretick*,
Will damp all Paſſion Sympathetick:
And, Love ſuch Nicety requires,
One *Blaſt* will put out all his Fires.
Since Huſbands get behind the Scene,
The Wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt Room to gueſs
The Time when wants of Nature preſs;
But after Marriage, practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her Spouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

[m] A well known Precept of *Pythagoras*, not to eat Beans.
[n] Medicines to break Wind.
[o] Medicines to provoke Urine.

In Bed we left the married Pair:
'Tis Time to ſhew how Things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That Fortune ſtill aſſiſts the Bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt Attack;
But *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.
How could a Nymph ſo chaſte as *Chloe*,
With Conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh Man to touch her?
Ev'n Lambs by Inſtinct fly the Butcher.
Reſiſtance on the Wedding-night
Is what our Maidens claim by Right:
And, *Chloe*, 'tis by all agreed,
Was Maid in Thought, and Word, and Deed.
Yet, ſome aſſign a diff'rent Reaſon;
That *Strephon* choſe no proper Seaſon.

Say, Fair ones, muſt I make a Pauſe?
Or freely tell the ſecret Cauſe.

Twelve Cups of Tea, (with Grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the Nymph to leak.
This Point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The Bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then, ſee the dire Effect of Peaſe,
Think what can give the Colic Eaſe.
The Nymph oppreſt before, behind,
As Ships are toſs'd by Waves and Wind,

Steals

Steals out her Hand, by Nature led,
And brings a Veſſel into Bed:
Fair Utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As *Chloe's* Skin, almoſt as bright.

Strephon who heard the fuming Rill
As from a moſſy Cliff diſtill,
Cried out, Ye Gods! what Sound is this?
Can *Chloe*, heavenly *Chloe*,——?
But, when he ſmelt a noiſome Steam;
Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream;
(*Salerno* [P] both together joins
As ſov'reign Med'cines for the Loins)
And, though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his Ears, yet ſtruck his Noſe:
He found her while the Scent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But, ſoon with like Occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his Hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with Courage from his Bride)
To reach the Pot on t'other Side;
And as he fill'd the reeking Vaſe,
Let fly a Rouzer in her Face.

[P] *Nida Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by the School of *Salernum*.
Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis.

The little *Cupids* hov'ring round,
(As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing Delights,
High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
To Goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring Sheperds at their Feet;
To silver Meads, and shady Bow'rs,
Dreſt up with *Amaranthin* Flow'rs.

How great a Change! how quickly made;
They learn to call a Spade a Spade.
They soon from all Constraint are freed
Can see each other *do their Need.*
On Box of Cedar sits the Wife,
And makes it warm for *Dearest Life.*
And by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great Society in stinking.
Now, *Strephon* daily entertains
His *Chloe* in the homeli'ſt Strains;
And *Chloe* more experienc'd grows,
With Int'reſt pays him back his own.
No Maid at Court is leſs asham'd,
Howe'er for selling Bargains fam'd,
Than she, to name her Parts behind,
Or, when a-bed to let out Wind.

Fair

FAIR *Decency*, celeſtial Maid,
Deſcend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid;
Though Beauty may beget Deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's Fire:
For Beauty, like ſupreme Dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no Supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant Nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the Sky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But e'er you ſell yourſelf to Laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine Ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O *Strephon*, ere that fatal Day
When *Chloe* ſtole your Heart away,
Had you but through a cranny ſpied
On Houſe of Eaſe your future Bride,
In all the Poſtures of her Face,
Which Nature gives in ſuch a Caſe;
Diſtortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings:
'Twere better you had lickt her Leavings,
Than from Experience find too late
Your Goddeſs grown a filthy Mate.

Your Fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame Ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the Privy.
And, 'ſpight of *Chloe's* Charms divine,
Your Heart had been as whole as mine.

AUTHORITIES, both old and recent,
Direct that Women muſt be decent;
And, from the Spouſe each Blemiſh hide
More than from all the World beſide.

UNJUSTLY all our Nymphs complain,
Their Empire holds ſo ſhort a Reign;
Is after Marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the Honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own Fault.
They take Poſſeſſion of the Crown,
And then throw all their Weapons down:
Though by the Politicians Scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at Power ſupreme
Thoſe Arts by which at firſt they gain it
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

WHAT various Ways our Females take
To paſs for Wits before a Rake!

And in the fruitleſs Search purſue
All other Methods but the true.

SOME try to learn polite Behaviour,
By reading Books againſt their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural Defect:
Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double Meaning.
But, ſure a Tell-tale out of School
Is of all Wits the greateſt Fool,
Whoſe rank Imagination fills
Her Heart, and from her Lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind.

WHY is a handſome Wife ador'd
By every Coxcomb but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-Man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his Wood and Wire;
Shews *Sheba's* Queen completely dreſt,
And *Solomon* in Royal Veſt;
But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or ſtrung on Pegs behind the Door;
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain's* Duke, and Prince of *Greece.*

A prudent Builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the Stuff is like to laſt;
And, carefully obſerve the Ground,
To build on ſome Foundation ſound:
What Houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What Edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a Baſis unſecure?
Raſh Mortals, e'er your take a Wife,
Contrive your Pile to laſt for Life:
Since Beauty ſcarce endures a Day,
And Youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;*.
Why will you make yourſelf a Bubble
To build on Sand, with Hay and Stubble?

On Senſe and Wit your Paſſion found,
By Decency cemented round;
Let Prudence with good Nature ſtrive,
To keep Eſteem and Love alive.
Then come old Age whene'er it will,
Your Friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle Fire,
Shall never but with Life expire.

APOLLO:

OR

A PROBLEM ſolved.

Written in the Year 1727.

APOLLO, God of Light and Wit,
Could Verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all Metals with his Looks,
As well as Chemiſts by their Books:
As handſome as my Lady's Page;
Sweet Five and Twenty was his Age.
His Wig was made of ſunny Rays,
He crown'd his youthful Head with Bays:
Not all the Court of Heav'n could ſhew
So nice and ſo complete a Beau.
No Heir upon his firſt Appearance,
With Twenty Thouſand Pounds a Year Rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his Land,
So fine a Coach along the Strand;
The Spokes, we are by *Ovid* told,
Were Silver, and the Axle Gold.
(I own, 'twas but a Coach and Four,
For *Jupiter* allows no more)

YET, with his Beauty, Wealth and Parts,
Enough to win ten Thouſand Hearts.
No vulgar Deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in Love.

THREE weighty Cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the Nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them Virgins as he found 'em.
His Singing was another Fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt:*
And, by the Sentiments of *Pliny*,
Such Singers are like *Nicolini*.
At laſt, the Point was fully clear'd;
In Short; *Apollo* had no Beard.

CASSINUS and *PETER.*

A Tragical ELEGY,

Written in the Year 1731.

TWO College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth,
Both ſpecial Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet,
On Love, and Books, in Rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me Names to fit my Metre,
Caſſinus this, and t'other *Peter*)
Friend *Peter* to *Caſſinus* goes,
To chat awhile and warm his Noſe:
But, ſuch a Sight was never ſeen,
The Lad lay ſwallow'd up in Spleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of Bed;
One greaſy Stocking round his Head,
The other he ſat down to darn
With Threads of diff'rent colour'd Yarn.
His Breeches torn, expoſing wide
A ragged Shirt, and tawny Hide.
Scorch'd were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown;
A Rug; for Night-gown he had none.

His Jordan ſtood in Manner ſitting
Between his Legs, to ſpew or ſpit in.
His ancient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
And half unſmoak'd lay by his Side.

HIM thus accoutred *Peter* found,
With Eyes in Smoak and Weeping drown'd:
The Leavings of his laſt Night's Pot
On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

WHY, *Caſſy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate;
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The Finch, the Linnet, and the Thruſh,
Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Buſh:
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
Aurora with thy early Flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the Hyps:
How? Not a Word come from thy Lips!

THEN, gave him ſome familiar Thumps,
A College Joke, to cure the Dumps.

THE Swain at laſt, with Grief oppreſt
Cry'd, *Cælia!* thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.

DEAR *Caſſy*, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is *Cælia* dead?

How

How happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curſt.

COME, tell us, has ſhe play'd the Whore?

OH *Peter*, would it were no more!

WHY, Plague confound her ſandy Locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater Pox
Sunk down her Noſe, or ſeam'd her Face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common Caſe.

O *Peter!* Beauty's but a Varniſh,
Which Time and Accidents will tarniſh:
But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe Beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can Imagination gueſs,
Nor Eloquence Divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming Maid
My pureſt Paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd Dart,
To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.

WHY, hang her, though ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the Barber's Boy.

FRIEND *Peter*, this I could excuſe;
For, ev'ry Nymph has leave to chuſe;

Nor

Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving Swain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A Crime that ſhocks all human Kind;
A Deed unknown to Female Race,
At which the Sun ſhould hide his Face;
Advice in vain you would apply —
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn
Theſe Elegies and Sonnets burn;
And on the Marble grave theſe Rhymes
A Monument to after Times:
" Here *Caſſy* lies, by *Cælia* ſlain,
" And dying, never told his Pain."

VAIN empty World, farewel. But, hark,
The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark.
And there —— behold *Alecto* ſtand,
A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.
Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.
I come, I come, —— *Meduſa!* ſee,
Her Serpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh Fry:
[a] Avaunt —— ye cannot ſay 'tis I.

[a] See *Macbeth*.

DEAR

DEAR *Caſſy*, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by Friendſhip's ſacred Laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the Cauſe;
And *Celia's* horrid Fact relate:
Thy Friend would gladly ſhare thy Fate.

To force it out, my Heart muſt rend:
Yet, when conjur'd by ſuch a Friend ——
Think, *Peter*, how my Soul is rack't,
Theſe Eyes, theſe Eyes beheld the Fact.
Now bend thine Ear, ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſeeſt me laid in Duſt,
The Secret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart;
(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan,
A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling Reeds,
The blackeſt of all Female Deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
Where *Echo* ſits, and liſt'ning, mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs' treach'rous Gale
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race
Diſcover *Cælia's* foul Diſgrace.
But, if you fail, my Spectre dread
Attending nightly round your Bed:

And

And yet, I dare confide in you;
So, take my Secret and adieu.

NOR wonder how I loſt my Wits:
Oh! *Cælia*, *Celia*, *Cælia*, ſh——

JUDAS.

Written in the Year 1731.

BY the juſt Vengeance of incenſed Skies,
Poor Biſhop *Judas*, late repenting dies.
The *Jews* engag'd him in a paltry Bribe,
Amounting hardly to a Crown a Tribe;
Which tho' his Conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And, Parſons tell us, no Man can do more)
Yet, through Deſpair, of God and Man accurſt,
He loſt his Biſhoprick, and hang'd, or burſt.
Thoſe former Ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his Maſter with a Kiſs:
But, ſome have kiſs'd the Goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe Perjury's the leaſt of all their Crimes:
Some who can perjure thro' a two Inch Board,
Yet keep their Biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the Cord.

Like

Like *Hemp*, which by a ſkilful Spinſter drawn
To ſlender Threads, may ſometimes paſs for Lawn.

As ancient *Judas by Tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* e'er he went to Hell;
So, could we ſee a Set of new *Iſcariots*,
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred Chariots,
Each modern *Judas* periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the Tree with all his Bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty Face,
To cry; *Lo, Judas, gone to his own Place:*
His Habitation let all Men forſake,
And let his Biſhoprick another take?

On Mr. *P——y's* being put out of the Council.

Written in the Year 1731.

SIR *R*——weary'd by *Will P*——*y's* Teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his Leaſings,
Reſolv'd that *Will* and he ſhould meet no more;
Full in his Face *Bob* ſhut the Council Door:

Nor

Nor lets him ſit as Juſtice on the Bench,
To puniſh Thieves, or laſh a Suburb Wench.
Yet ſtill St. *Stephen's* Chapel open lies
For *Will* to enter—What ſhall I adviſe?
E'en quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant Ducal Patent;
There, near thy Maſter's Throne in Shelter plac'd,
Let *Will* unheard by thee his Thunder waſte,
Yet ſtill I fear your Work is done but Half:
For while he keeps his Pen, you are not ſafe.

HEAR an old Fable, and a dull one too;
Yet bears a Moral when apply'd to you.

A Hare had long eſcap'd purſuing Hounds,
By often ſhifting into diſtant Grounds;
Till finding all his Artifices vain,
To ſave his Life, he leap'd into the Main.
But there, alas! he could no Safety find,
A Pack of *Dog-fiſh* had him in the Wind:
He ſcours away; and to avoid the Foe,
Deſcends for Shelter to the Shades below,
There *Cerberus* lay watching in his Den,
(He had not ſeen a Hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the Maſtiff of the triple Head;
Away the Hare with double Swiftneſs fled.

Hunted

Hunted from Earth, and Sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him Wings) for Safety to the Skies.
How was the fearful Animal diſtreſt!
Behold a Foe more fierce than all the reſt:
Syrius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly Pack,
Fail'd but an Inch to ſeize him by the Back.
He fled to Earth, but firſt it coſt him dear,
He left his Scut behind, and Half an Ear.

THUS was the Hare purſu'd, tho' free from Guilt;
Thus *B*——— ſhalt thou be mawl'd, fly where thou wilt:
The honeſt *R*——*n*, of thy Corps beware;
Thou art nor half ſo nimble as a Hare:
Too pond'rous is thy Bulk to mount the Sky;
Nor can you go to *Hell* before you die.
So keen thy *Hunters*, and thy *Scent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *Turns* and *Doublings* cannot ſave thee long.

The Author *having been told by an intimate Friend, that the Duke of* Queenſberry *had employed Mr.* Gay *to inſpect the Accounts and Management of his Grace's Receivers and Stewards (which however, proved afterwards to be a Miſtake) writ to Mr.* Gay *the following Poem,*

In the Year 1731.

HOW could you, *Gay*, diſgrace the Muſes Train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs C——t twelve Years in vain!
Fain would I think, our *Female Friend* [a] ſincere,
Till *B*——, the Poet's Foe, poſſeſt her Ear.
Did Female Virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an Inch of Favour for a Friend?

SAY, had the Court no better Place to chuſe
For thee, than make a Dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
How cheaply had thy Liberty been ſold,
To [b] 'ſquire a Royal Girl of two Years old!
In Leading-Strings her infant Steps to guide,
Or, with her Go-Cart amble Side by Side.

[a] Mrs *Howard*, ſince Counteſs of *Suffolk*.
[b] See Mr. *Gay's* Letter on this Subject, in Mr. *Pope's* Works, Vol. II. Let. 26.

BUT

BUT Princely *Douglas* *, and his glorious Dame
Advanc'd thy Fortune, and preſerv'd thy Fame.
Nor, will your noble Gifts be miſapply'd
When o'er your Patron's Treaſure you preſide:
The World ſhall own his Choice was wiſe and juſt,
For, Sons of *Phœbus* never break their Truſt.

NOT Love of Beauty leſs the Heart inflames
Of Guardian Eunuchs to the *Sultan's* Dames;
Their Paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of Poets to the *Luſt* of Gold.
With *Pæan's* pureſt Fire his Fav'rites glow,
The Dregs will ſerve to ripen Ore below;
His meaneſt Work: For, had he thought it fit,
That Wealth ſhould be the Appenage of Wit,
The God of *Light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*,
To deal it to the worſt of Human-kind.

BUT let me now, for I can do it well,
Your Conduct in this new Employ foretel.

And firſt: To make my Obſervation right,
I place a ST——N full before my Sight,
A bloated M——R in all his Geer,
With ſhameleſs Viſage, and perfidious Leer;
Two Rows of Teeth arm each devouring Jaw;
And, Oſtrich-like, his all-digeſting Maw.

* The Duke of *Queenſberry*.

My Fancy drags this *Monſter* to my View,
To ſhew the World his chief Reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning Sounds a rapid Flood
Rolls from his Mouth in plenteous Streams of Mud;
With theſe, the C**t and S**te-h**ſe he plies,
Made up of Noiſe, and Impudence, and Lies.

Now, let me ſhew how *B*—and you agree,
You ſerve a * *Potent Prince*, as well as He.
The *Ducal* Coffers, truſted to your Charge,
Your honeſt Care may fill; perhaps enlarge.
His Vaſſals eaſy, and the Owner bleſt,
They pay a Trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a Nation's Revenues are paid:
The Servant's Faults are on the Maſter laid.
The People with a Sigh their Taxes bring;
And curſing *B*—, forget to bleſs the——

Next, hearken Gay, to what thy Charge requires,
With *Servants*, *Tenants*, and the neighb'ring *'Squires*.
Let all Domeſticks feel your gentle Sway;
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due Reward to Merit be allow'd;
Nor, with your *KINDRED half the Palace crowd.*

Nor,

* A Title given to Dukes by the Heralds.

Nor, think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling Noſes with a Party ſtrong.*

Be rich; but of your Wealth make no Parade;
At leaſt, *before your Maſter's Debts are paid.*
Nor, *in a Palace, built with Charge immenſe,*
Preſume to treat him at his own Expence.
Each Farmer in the Neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful Perquiſites amount.
The Tenants poor, the Hardneſs of the Times,
Are ill Excuſes for a Servant's Crimes.
With Int'reſt, and a *Premium* paid beſide,
The Maſter's preſſing Wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty Zeal, behold the Steward come,
By his own Credit to advance the Sum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous Mammon* is his Friend,
May well conclude his Pow'r will never end.
A faithful Treas'rer! What could he do more?
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

The Law ſo ſtrictly guards the Monarch's Health,
That no Phyſician dares preſcribe by Stealth:
The Council ſit; approve the Doctor's Skill;
And give Advice before he gives the Pill.
But, the *State Emp'ric* acts a ſafer Part;
And while he *poyſons*, *wins* the Royal Heart.

BUT how can I can deſcribe the rav'nous Breed?
Then, let me now by Negatives proceed.

SUPPOSE your Lord a truſty Servant ſend,
On weighty Bus'neſs, to ſome neighb'ring Friend:
Preſume not, *Gay*, unleſs you ſerve a Drone,
To countermand his Orders by your own.

SHOULD ſome *imperious Neighbour* ſink the Boats,
And drain the *Fiſh-ponds*, while your *Maſter* doats;
Shall he upon the Ducal Rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a Brace of Tench?

NOR, from your Lord his bad Condition hide;
To feed his Luxury, or ſooth his Pride.
Nor, at an under Rate his Timber ſell,
And, with an Oath, aſſure him; *all is well.*
Nor, *ſwear it rotten* *; *and with humble Airs,*
Requeſt it of him to compleat your Stairs.
Nor, when a Mortgage lies on half his Lands,
Come with a Purſe of Guineas in your Hands.

HAVE *Peter Waters* always in your Mind;
That Rogue of *genuine miniſterial* Kind.

* Theſe Lines are thought to allude to ſome Story concerning a great Quantity of Mahogony declared rotten, and then applied by ſome-body to Wainſcots, Stairs, Door-Caſes, *&c.*

Can

Can half the Peerage by his Arts bewitch;
Starve twenty Lords to make one Scoundrel rich:
And when he gravely has undone a Score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more *.

A Dext'rous Steward, when his Tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the Neighbours round;
His Maſter, unſuſpicious of his Pranks,
Pays all the Coſt, and gives the Villain Thanks.
And ſhould a Friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to Spight:
Would love his Fav'rite better than before,
And truſt his Honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus Families like Realms, with equal Fate,
Are ſunk by *premier Miniſters of State.*

Some, when an Heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *Father*, rob the *Son.*
A Knave, who deep embroils his Lord's Affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his Heirs.
His Policy conſiſts in *ſetting Traps*,
In finding *Ways and Means*, and *ſtopping Gaps:*

* He had practiſed this Trade for many Years with Succeſs.

He knows a Thouſand Tricks, whene'er he
pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each Diſeaſe.
In either Caſe, an equal Chance is run;
For, keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a Hand to clear a filthy Sink;
No cleanly Workman can endure the Stink.
A ſtrong Dilemma in a deſp'rate Caſe!
To act with Infamy or quit the Place.

A Bungler thus, who ſcarce the Nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the Pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler Workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In ev'ry Court the Parallel will hold;
And Kings, like private Folks, are bought and
ſold.
The ruling Rogue who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds Accounts, perplexes all Affairs;
For, *Vengeance* more *embroils*, than *Skill repairs*.
So, Robbers (and their Ends are juſt the ſame)
To 'ſcape Enquires, *leave the Houſe in Flame*.

I knew a *brazen* Miniſter of State,
Who bore for twice ten Years the publick Hate.

In

In ev'ry Mouth the Queſtion moſt in Vogue
Was, *When will* THEY *turn out this odious Rogue?*
A Juncture happen'd in his higheſt Pride:
While HE went robbing on, *old Maſter* died.
We thought, there now remain'd no Room to doubt;
His Work is done, the Miniſter muſt out.
The Court *invited* more than One, or Two;
Will you, Sir *S——r?* or, will *you*, or *you?*
But, not a Soul his Office durſt accept;
The ſubtle Knave had all the Plunder ſwept.
And ſuch was then the Temper of the Times,
He ow'd his Preſervation to his Crimes.
The Candidates obſerv'd his dirty Paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the Cauſe:
But when they ſmelt ſuch foul Corruptions round him;
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

THUS, when a greedy Sloven once has thrown
His *Snot* into the *Meſs*; *'tis all his own.*

The following Poem was firſt printed in Fog's *Journal of the 17th of* Sept. 1733. *The Subject of it is now over; but our* Author's *known Zeal againſt that Project made it be generally ſuppoſed to be his. It was occaſioned by the B—s of* Ireland *endeavouring to get an Act to divide the Church Livings; which Bill was rejected by the* Iriſh *Houſe of Commons.*

Written in the Year 1731.

OLD *Latimer* preaching did fairly deſcribe
A B——who rul'd all the reſt of his Tribe;
And who is this B——? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis *Satan*, Arch-b— of Hell!
And HE was a Primate, and HE wore a Mitre
Surrounded with Jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.
How nearly this B—— our B——s reſembles!
But he has the Odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Cou'd you ſee his grim *Grace*, for a Pound to a Penny,
You'd ſwear it muſt be the *Baboon* of *K—y:*
Poor *Satan* will think the Compariſon odious:
I wiſh I could find him out one more commodious.

But

But this I am ſure, the *Moſt rev'rend old Dragon*,
Has got on the Bench many B——s ſuffragan;
And all Men believe he preſides there *incog.*
To give them by Turns an inviſible Jog.

Our B——s, puſt up with Wealth and with Pride,
To Hell on the Backs of the Clergy would ride.
They mounted, and labour'd with Whip and with Spur,
In vain—for the Devil a Parſon wou'd ſtir.
So the *Commons* unhors'd them, and this was their Doom,
On their Croſiers to ride, like a Witch on a Broom.
Tho' they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the Road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord *B*——'s good Grace, Lord——, and Lord *H*——,
In ſpight of the Devil would ſtill be untoward.
They came of good Kindred, and could not endure,
Their former Companions ſhould beg at their Door.

WHEN *CHRIST* was betray'd to *Pilate* the *Prætor*,
Of a Dozen Apoſtles but one prov'd a Traytor:
One Traytor alone, and faithful Eleven;
But we can afford you Six Traytors in Seven.

WHAT a Clutter with Clippings, Dividings and Cleavings!
And the Clergy, forſooth, muſt take up with their Leavings.
If making *Diviſions* was all their Intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch B——s for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt Heathen would be on their Side.
How ſhou'd we rejoice, if, like *Judas* the firſt,
Thoſe Splitters of Parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt?

Now hear an Alluſion:—A Mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our Emblem is right;
The B——s *divide*, but the Clergy *unite*.
Should the Bottom be ſplit, our B——s would dread
That the Mitre wou'd never ſtick faſt on their Head,
And yet they have learnt the chief Art of a Sov'reign,
As *Machiavel* taught 'em; *divide and ye govern*.

But, Courage, my L—ds; tho' it cannot be ſaid
That one *Cloven Tongue*, ever ſat on your Head;
I'll hold you a Groat, and I wiſh I cou'd ſee't,
If your Stcockings were off, you cou'd ſhew
cloven Feet.

BUT hold, cry the B—s; and give us fair
Play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer Affections cou'd ever be ſhown
Than ſaving your Souls, by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd allMethods to gain you;
With the Tythe of the Tythe of the Tythe to
maintain you;
Provided a Fund for building you Spittles:
You are only to live four Years without Vittles.
Content, my good L—ds; but let us change
Hands;
Firſt take you our Tythes, and give us your Lands.
So GOD bleſs the Church, and three of our Mi-
tres;
And GOD bleſs the *Commons* for *Biting the Biters.*

To

To the Reverend

Dr. SWIFT, *D. S. P. D.*

With a Preſent of a Paper-Book, finely bound, on his Birth-Day, November 30, 1732.

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, theſe ſpotleſs Leaves I ſend;
Small is the Preſent, but ſincere the Friend.
Think not ſo poor a Book below thy Care;
Who knows the Price that thou canſt make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and, like *Tyralla's* Face,
The ſpecious Front ſhines out with borrow'd Grace;
Tho' Paſte-boards glitt'ring like a tinſel'd Coat,
A *Raſa Tabula* within denote:
Yet if a venal and corrupted Age,
And modern Vices ſhould provoke thy Rage;
If warn'd once more by their impending Fate,
A ſinking Country and an injur'd State,

Thy

Thy great Aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth Reaſon to defend the Land;
Then ſhall we view theſe Sheets with glad Surprize,
Inſpir'd with Thought, and ſpeaking to our Eyes;
Each vacant Space ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True Force of Eloquence, and nervous Senſe;
Inform the Judgment, animate the Heart,
And ſacred Rules of Policy impart.
The ſpangled Cov'ring, bright with ſplendid Ore,
Shall cheat the Sight with empty Show no more:
But lead us inward to thoſe golden Mines,
Where all thy Soul in native Luſtre ſhines.
So when the Eye ſurveys ſome lovely Fair,
With Bloom of Beauty grac'd, with Shape and Air,
How is the Rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her Form excell'd by her celeſtial Mind.

Verſes left with a Silver Standiſh, on the Dean of St. Patrick's *Deſk on his Birth-Day.*

HITHER from *Mexico* I came,
To ſerve a proud *Iernian* Dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her Will,
At length ſhe loſt me at Quadrille.
Thro' various Shapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have Reſt at laſt:
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the Patriot Dean;
And ſometimes got within his Door,
[a] But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the Poor;
Not ſtrolling Idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt Induſtry decay'd.
At length an Artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the Shape you ſee.

THIS done, to *Hermes* I applied:
"O *Hermes*, gratify my Pride;
"Be it my Fate to ſerve a Sage,
"The greateſt Genius of his Age;
"That matchleſs Pen let me ſupply,
"Whoſe living Lines will never die.

[a] Alluding to 500 *l.* a Year lent by the Dean, without Intereſt, to poor Tradeſmen.

I grant

I grant your Suit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reſide.

Verſes written by Dr. SWIFT, *occaſioned by the foregoing Preſents.*

A PAPER Book is ſent by *Boyle*,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a Silver Standiſh,
When I no more a Pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my Tomb be plac'd,
As Trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly Lines they writ,
In Praiſe of long departed Wit,
Be grav'd on either Side in Columns,
More to my Praiſe than all my Volumes;
To burſt with Envy, Spite, and Rage,
The *Vandals* of the preſent Age.

THE

THE
Hardſhip put upon the LADIES.

Written in the Year 1733.

POOR Ladies! tho' their Bus'neſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy Night and Day:
Why ſhould they want the Privilege of Men,
Nor take ſome ſmall Diverſions now and then?
Had Women been the Makers of our Laws;
(And why they were not, I can ſee no Cauſe;)
The Men ſhould ſlave at Cards from Morn to Night;
And Female Pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG.
In the MODERN Taſte.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On the Words Brother-Protestants, and Fellow-Christians, *so familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of the Test Act in Ireland.*

Written in the Year 1733.

AN Inundation, says the Fable,
O'erflow'd a Farmer's Barn and Stable;
Whole Ricks of Hay and Stacks of Corn,
Were down the sudden Current born;
While Things of heterogeneous Kind
Together float with Tide and Wind;
The gen'rous Wheat forgot its Pride,
And sail'd with Litter Side by Side;
Uniting all, to shew their Amity,
As in a general Calamity.
A Ball of new dropt Horse's Dung,
Mingling with Apples in the Throng,
Said to the Pippin, plump, and prim,
See, Brother, how we Apples swim.

THUS *Lamb*, renown'd for cutting Corns,
An offer'd Fee from *Radcliff* scorns:
Not for the World—we Doctors, Brother,
Must take no Fees of one another.
Thus to a Dean some Curate Sloven,
Subscribes, *Dear Sir, your Brother loving.*

ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY.

ALL human Race would fain be *Wits*,
And Millions miss, for one that hits,
Young's universal Passion, *Pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say *Britain*, could you ever boast,
Three *Poets* in an Age at most?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A *Sprig* of Bays in fifty Years;
While ev'ry Fool his Claim alledges,
As if it grew in common Hedges.
What Reason can there be assign'd
For this Perverseness in the Mind?
Brutes find out where their Talents lie;
A *Bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *Horse* will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd Gate;
A *Dog* by Instinct turns aside,
Who sees the Ditch too deep and wide.

But

But *Man* we find the only Creature
Who, led by *Folly*, combats *Nature*;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With Obstinacy fixes there;
And where his *Genius* least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole Designs.

Not *Empire* to the Rising Sun,
By Valour, Conduct, Fortune won;
Not highest *Wisdom* in Debates,
For Framing Laws to govern States;
Not Skill in Sciences profound,
So large to grasp the Circle round;
Such heav'nly Influence require,
As how to strike the *Muse's Lyre*.

Not Beggar's Brat, on Bulk begot;
Not Bastard of a Pedlar *Scot*;
Not Boy brought up to cleaning Shoes,
The Spawn of *Bridewell*, or the Stews;
Not Infants dropt, the spurious Pledges
Of *Gipsies* litt'ring under Hedges,
Are so disqualify'd by Fate
To rise in *Church*, or *Law*, or *State*,
As he, whom *Phœbus* in his Ire
Hath *blasted* with poetick Fire.

What hope of Custom in the *Fair*,
While not a Soul demands your Ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private Life, or publick Use?

Court, *City*, *Country* want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For Poets Law makes no Proviſion;
The Wealthy have you in Deriſion;
Of State Affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are aukward when you try to flatter;
Your Portion, taking *Britain* round,
* Was juſt one annual Hundred Pound;
Now not ſo much as in Remainder
Since *Cibber* brought in an Attainder;
For ever fixt by, Right Divine,
(A Monarch's Right) on *Grubſtreet* Line.

Poor ſtarv'ling Bard, how ſmall thy Gains!
How unproportion'd to thy Pains!
And here a *Simile* comes pat in:
Tho' *Chickens* take a Month to fatten,
The Gueſt in leſs than half an Hour
Will more than half a Score devour.
So, after toiling twenty Days,
To earn a Stock of Pence and Praiſe,
Thy Labours, grown the Criticks Prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a Diſh of Tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more,
Gone, where the *Chickens* went before.

How ſhall a new Attempter learn
Of diff'rent Spirits to diſcern,

* Paid to the Poet Laureat, which Place was given to one *Cibber*, a Player.

And

And how diſtinguiſh, which is which,
The Poet's Vein, or ſcribbling Itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd Sinner,
Inſtructing thus a young Beginner.

CONSULT yourſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful Impulſe urge your Mind,
Impartial judge within your Breaſt
What Subject you can manage beſt;
Whether your Genius moſt inclines
To Satyre, Praiſe, or hum'rous Lines,
To Elegies in mournful Tone,
Or Prologue ſent from Hand unknown.
Then riſing with *Aurora's* Light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when Invention fails,
To ſcratch your Head, and bite your Nails.

YOUR Poem finiſh'd, next your Care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern Wit all printed Traſh is
Set off with num'rous *Breaks*——and *Daſhes*.—
To Stateſmen would you give a Wipe,
You print it in *Italick Type*.
When Letters are in vulgar Shapes,
'Tis ten to one the Wit eſcapes;
But when in *Capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt Reader ſmoaks the Jeſt;

Or

Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the Poet meant;
As learned Commentators view
In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.
YOUR Poem in its modiſh Dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the Preſs,
Convey by Penny-poſt to *Lintot*,
But let no Friend alive look into't.
If *Lintot* thinks 'twill quit the Coſt,
You need not fear your Labor loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpriz'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The Hawker ſhews you one in Print,
As freſh as Farthings from the Mint:
The Product of your Toil and Sweating;
A Baſtard of your own begetting.
BE ſure at *Will's* the following Day,
Lie ſnug, and hear what Criticks ſay.
And if you find the gen'ral Vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid Rogue,
Damns all your Thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill and ſwallow down your Spittle.
Be ſilent as a Politician,
For talking may beget Suſpicion:
Or praiſe the Judgment of the Town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal Pride,
Nor argue on the weaker Side;

For

For Poems read without a Name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And Critics have no partial Views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provok'd their Spight,
Depend upon't their Judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone;
Consider what a Risk you run:
You lose your Credit all at once;
The Town will mark you for a Dunce:
The vilest Doggrel *Grubstreet* sends
Will pass for yours with Foes and Friends.
And you must bear the whole Disgrace,
'Till some fresh Blockheads take your Place.
Your Secret kept, your Poem's sunk,
And sent in Quires to line a Trunk;
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second Time.
Again you fail, yet Safe's the Word,
Take Courage, and attempt a Third.
But first with Care employ your Thoughts,
Where Criticks mark'd your former Faults;
The trivial Turns, the borrow'd Wit,
The *Similes* that nothing fit;
The *Cant* which ev'ry Fool repeats,
Town-Jests, and Coffee-house Conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord's know why;

Or

Or where we find your Fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs Alphabet;
On A's and B's your Malice vent,
While Readers wonder whom you meant;
A publick or a private *Robber*,
A *Stateſman*, or a South-Sea *Jobber*,
A *Prelate* who no God believes,
A ———, a Den of Thieves,
A Pick-purſe at the Bar, or Bench,
A Ducheſs, or a Suburb Wench.
Or oft when Epithets you link,
In gaping Lines to fill a Chink;
Like Stepping-Stones to ſave a Stride,
In Streets where Kennels are too wide;
Or like a Heel-piece, to ſupport
A Cripple with one Foot too ſhort;
Or like a Bridge that joins a Mariſh
To Moorlands of a diff'rent Pariſh.
So have I ſeen Ill-coupled Hounds
Drag diff'rent Ways, in miry Grounds.
So Geographers in *Afric* Maps
With Savage Pictures fill their Gaps,
And o'er unhabitable Downs
Place Elephants, for want of Towns.

But tho' you miſs your third Eſſay,
You need not throw your Pen away.
Lay now aſide all Thoughts of Fame,
To ſpring more profitable Game.

From Party Merit ſeek Support;
The vileſt Verſe thrives beſt at Court.
A Pamphlet in Sir *Bob*'s Defence
Will never fail to bring in Pence;
Nor be concern'd about the Sale,
He pays his Workmen on the Nail.
A Prince the Moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry Virtue round,
As Emblems of the ſov'reign Pow'r;
Like other Bawbles of the Tow'r;
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *Senate* this profeſſes,
In all their *Speeches*, *Votes*, *Addreſſes*:
But once you fix him in a Tomb,
His Virtues fade, his Vices bloom;
And each Perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his Death confuted.
The Loads of Poems in his Praiſe
Aſcending make one Funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his Knell,
This God on Earth turns *D—l* in Hell:
And, lo! his Miniſters of State,
Transform'd to Imps, his Levee wait;
Where, in this Scene of endleſs Woe,
They ply their former Arts below;
And as they ſail in *Charon's* Boat,
Contrive to bribe the Judge's Vote;

To

To *Cerberus* they give a Sop,
His tripple-barking Mouth to stop,
Or in the Ivory Gate[a] of Dreams
Project E—e and S——t—— Schemes,
Or hire their Party-Pamphleteers
To set *Eysium* by the Ears.

THEN, *Poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on Kings alive;
With Prudence gath'ring up a Cluster,
Of all the Virtues you can Muster;
Which, form'd into a Garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your Monarch's Feet:
Who, as the Odours reach his Throne,
Will smile, and think 'em all his own;
For *Law* and *Gospel* both determine
All Virtues lodge in royal Ermine,
(I mean the Oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon Oath.)
Your Garland in the following Reign,
Change but the Names, will do again.

BUT if you think this Trade too base,
(Which seldom is the Dunce's Case)
Put on the Critick's Brow, and sit
At *Will's* the Puny Judge of Wit.
A Nod, a Shrugg, a scornful Smile,
With Caution us'd, may serve a While.

[a] *Sunt geminæ Somni portæ, &c.*
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.

Proceed

Proceed no further in your Part,
Before you learn the Terms of Art:
(For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern Criticks Jargon:)
Then talk with more authentick Face,
Of *Unities, in Time and Place.*
Get Scraps of *Horace* from your Friends,
And have them at your Fingers Ends.
Learn *Ariſtotle's* Rules by Rote,
And at all Hazards boldly quote.
Judicious *Rymer* oft review;
Wiſe *Dennis*, and profound *Boſſu.*
Read all the *Prefaces* of *Dryden*,
For theſe our Criticks much confide in,
(Tho' meerly writ at firſt for filling;
To raiſe the Volume's Price a Shilling.)
A forward Critick often dupes us
With ſham Quotations [b] *Peri Hupſous:*
And if we have not read *Longinus*
Will magiſterially out-ſhine us.
Then, leſt with *Greek* he over-run ye,
Procure the Book for Love or Money,
Tranſlated from *Boileau's* Tranſlation [c],
And quote *Quotation* on *Quotation.*
At *Will's* you hear a Poem read,
Where *Battus* from the Table-head,

[b] A famous Treatiſe of *Longinus.*
[c] By Mr. *Welſted.*

Reclining

Reclining on his Elbow-chair,
Gives Judgment with deciſive Air.
To whom the Tribe of circling Wits,
As to an Oracle ſubmits.
He gives Directions to the Town
To cry it up, or run it down.
(Like *Courtiers*, when they ſend a Note,
Inſtructing Members how to vote.)
He ſets the Stamp of Bad and Good,
Tho' not a Word be underſtood.
Your Leſſon learnt, you'll be ſecure
To get the Name of *Connoiſſeur*.
And when your Merits once are known,
Procure Diſciples of your own.

For Poets (you can never want 'em,
Spread thro' [d] *Auguſta Trinobantum*)
Computing by their Pecks of Coals,
Amount to juſt nine Thouſand Souls.
Theſe o'er their proper Diſtricts govern,
Of Wit and Humour, Judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry Street a City-bard
Rules, like an Alderman, his Ward;
His indiſputed Rights extend
Through all the Lane, from End to End;
The Neighbours round admire his *Shrewdneſs*,
For Songs of *Loyalty* and *Lewdneſs*;

[d] The ancient Name of *London*.

Out-

Out-done by none in Rhyming well,
Altho' he never learnt to spell.

Two bordering Wits contend for Glory;
And one is *Whig*, and one is *Tory*.
And this for Epics claims the Bays,
And that for Elegiac Lays.
Some fam'd for Numbers soft and smooth,
By Lovers spoke in *Punch*'s Booth.
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty Lines in *Smithfield* Drolls.
Bavius in *Wapping* gains Renown,
And *Mævius* reigns o'er *Kentish-Town*.
Tigellius plac'd in *Phœbus*' Car
From *Ludgate* shines to *Temple-Bar*.
Harmonious *Cibber* entertains
The Court with annual Birth-day Strains;
Whence *Gay* was banish'd in Disgrace,
Where *Pope* will never show his Face;
Where Y——g must torture his Invention,
To flatter *Knaves*, or lose his *Pension*.

But these are not a thousandth Part
Of Jobbers in the Poet's Art,
Attending each his proper Station,
And all in due Subordination;
Thro' ev'ry Alley to be found,
In Garrets high, or under Ground:
And when they join their *Pericranies*,
Out skips a *Book of Miscellanies*.

Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry Creature,
Lives in a State of War by Nature.
The Greater for the Smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their Match.
A Whale of moderate Size will draw
A Shoal of Herrings down his Maw.
A Fox with Geese his Belly crams,
A Wolf destroys a thousand Lambs.
But search among the rhyming Race,
The Brave are worried by the Base,
If, on *Parnassus'* Top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each Poet of inferior Size
On you shall rail and criticise;
And strive to tear you Limb from Limb,
While others do as much for him.

The Vermin only teaze and pinch
Their Foes superior by an Inch.
So, Nat'ralists observe, a Flea
Hath smaller Fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry Poet in his Kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, tho' too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the Spleen;
Call Dunces, Fools, and Sons of Whores,
Lay *Grubstreet* at each others Doors;

Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* Masters,
And curse our modern Poetasters.
Complain, as many an ancient Bard did,
How Genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a Taste prevails among us;
How much our Ancestors out-sung us;
Can personate an aukward Scorn
For those who are not Poets born;
And all their Brother Dunces lash,
Who croud the Press with hourly Trash.

O *Grubstreet!* how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless Children scorn to own thee!
Their filial Piety forgot,
Deny their Country like a SCOT:
Tho' by their Idiom and Grimace
They soon betray their native Place:
Yet *thou* hast greater Cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient Brood,
Since first the Court allow'd them Food.

REMAINS a Difficulty still,
To purchase Fame by writing ill:
From *Flecknoe* down to *Howard's* Time,
How few have reach'd the *Low Sublime*?
For when our high-born *Howard* died,
Blackmore alone his Place supplied:
And, lest a Chasm should intervene,
When Death had finish'd *Blackmore's* Reign,

The *leaden Crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great [a] Poet of the *Hollow-Tree.*
But, ah! how unſecure thy Throne!
A thouſand Bards thy Right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious Zeal,
Duncenia to a Common-weal;
And with rebellious Arms pretend
An equal Priv'lege to *deſcend.*

In Bulk there are not more Degrees,
From *Elephants* to *Mites* in Cheeſe,
Than what a curious Eye may trace
In Creatures of the rhyming Race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe they fall,
But, who can reach the worſt of all?
For tho' in Nature Depth and Height
Are equally held infinite,
In Poetry the Height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For Inſtance: When you raſhly think,
No Rhymer can like *Welſted* [b] ſink,
His Merits ballanc'd, you ſhall find,
The Laureat [c] leaves him far behind.

[a] Lord *Grimſton.*

[b] *Vide* The Treatiſe on the *Profound,* and Mr. *Pope's Dunciad.*

[c] In ſome Editions, inſtead of the Laureat, was maliciouſly inſerted Mr. *Fielding*; for whoſe ingenious Writings the ſuppoſed Author hath manifeſted a great Eſteem.

Concannen,

Concannen, more aſpiring Bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a Yard.
Smart *Jemmy Moor* with Vigour drops,
The reſt purſue as thick as Hops.
With Heads to Points the Gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the Center;
And as their Heels elated riſe,
Their Heads attempt the nether Skies.

O, what Indignity and Shame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's Name!
By flatt'ring —— whom Heav'n deſign'd
The Plagues and Scourges of Mankind;
Bred up in Ignorance and Sloth,
And ev'ry Vice that nurſes both.

FAIR *Britain* in thy Monarch bleſt,
Whoſe Virtues bear the ſtricteſt Teſt?
Whom never *Faction* cou'd beſpatter,
Nor *Miniſter*, nor *Poet* flatter.
What Juſtice in rewarding Merit?
What Magnanimity of Spirit?
What Lineaments divine we trace
Thro' all his Figure, Mien, and Face?
Tho' Peace with Olive bind his Hands,
Confeſt the conq'ring Hero ſtands.
[f] *Hydaſpes, Indus*, and the *Ganges*,
Dread from his Hand impending Changes.

[f] —— *Super & Garamantas & Indos*
Proferet imperium, &c.

——*Jam*

From him the *Tartar*, and *Chinese*,
[s] Short by the Knees intreat for Peace.
The *Consort* of his Throne and Bed
A perfect Goddess born and bred,
Appointed sov'reign Judge to sit
On Learning, Eloquence, and Wit.
Our eldest Hope, divine *Iülus*,
(Late, very late, O, may he rule us!)
What early Manhood hath he shown,
Before his downy Beard was grown!
Then think, what Wonders will be done
By going on as he begun;
An Heir for *Britain* to secure
As long as Sun and Moon endure.
The Remnant of the Royal Blood,
Comes pouring on me like a Flood.
Bright Goddesses, in Number five;
Duke *William*, sweetest Prince alive.
Now sing the *Minister of State*,
Who shines alone without a Mate.
Observe with what Majestick Port
This *Atlas* stands to prop the Court:

— *Jam nunc & Gessia regna*
Responsis horrent Divûm, &c.
[s] — *Genibus minor, &c.*

Intent

Intent the Publick Debts to pay
Like prudent [h] *Fabius* by *Delay*.
Thou great Vicegerent of the King,
Thy Praises ev'ry Muse shall sing.
In all Affairs thou sole Director,
Of Wit and Learning chief Protector;
Tho' small the Time thou hast to spare,
The Church is thy peculiar Care.
Of pious Prelates what a Stock?
You chuse to rule the sable Flock.
You raise the Honour of the Peerage
Proud to attend you at the Steerage,
You dignify the noble Race,
Content yourself with humbler Place.
Now Learning, Valour, Virtue, Sense,
To Titles give the sole Pretence.
St. *George* beheld thee with Delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure Knight,
When on thy Breast and Sides *Herculean*
He fixt the *Star* and *String Cerulean*.

SAY, Poet, in what other Nation
Shone ever such a Constellation.
Attend ye *Popes*, and *Youngs*, and *Gays*,
And tune your Harps, and strow your Bays:
Your Panegyricks here provide:
You cannot err on Flatt'ry's Side.

[h] *Unus Homo nobis* Cunctando *restituit rem.*

Above the Stars exalt your Style,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand Mile.
On *Lewis* all his Bards beſtow'd,
Of Incenſe many a thouſand Load;
But *Europe* mortified his Pride,
And ſwore the fawning Raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the World refus'd to *Lewis*
Applied to —— exactly true is.
Exactly true! Invidious Poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand Times below it.

TRANSLATE me now ſome Lines, if you can,
From *Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.*
They could all Pow'r in Heav'n divide,
And do no Wrong to either Side:
They teach you how to ſplit a Hair,
Give —— and *Jove* an equal Share.
Yet, why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtraight?
I'll give my —— Butter-weight.
And Reaſon good; for many a Year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor tho' his Prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his Aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since *Woolſton* gave us Arms to rout him.
* * * * * *Cætera deſiderantur.* * * * * *

Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar *habet.*

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE *LEGION CLUB.*

AS I ſtrole the City, oft I
See a Building large and lofty,
Not a Bow-ſhot from the College,
Half the Globe in Senſe and Knowledge;
By the prudent Architect,
Plac'd againſt the Church direct,
Making good my Grandame's Jeſt,
Near the Church—you know the reſt.

TELL us what the Pile contains?
Many a Head that holds no Brains.
Theſe Demoniacks let me dub
With the Name of *Legion Club*;

Such Aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet, when Butchers bait a Bear;
Such a Noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a Brother Thief is hanging:
Such a Rout, and ſuch a Rabble
Run to hear Jack Pudden gabble;
Such a Crowd their Ordure throws
On a far leſs Villain's Noſe.

COULD I from the Building's Top
Hear the rattling Thunder drop,
While the D——l upon the Roof
(If the D——l be Thunder-proof)
Should with Poker fiery red
Crack the Stones, and melt the Lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry Scull,
While the Den of Thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy that Harpies Neſt,
How might then our Iſle be bleſt!
For Divines allow that GOD
Sometimes makes the D——l his Rod,
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh Sins enormous.

YET ſhould *Sw——t* endow the Schools
For his *Lunaticks* and *Fools*
With a Rood or two of Land,
I allow the Pile may ſtand:
You, perhaps, will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this Proviſo,

Since

Since the Houſe is like to laſt,
Let the Royal Grant be paſs'd,
That the Club have Right to dwell
Each within his proper Cell,
With a Paſſage left to creep in,
And a Hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the Nation for a Pin;
While they ſit a picking Straws,
Let them rave at making Laws;
While they never hold their Tongue,
Let them dabble in their Dung;
Let them form a Grand Committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the City;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a Clergy Gown;
Let them, e'er they crack a Louſe,
Call for th' Orders of the Houſe;
Let them with their Goſling Quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs Heads of Bills;
We may, while they ſtrain their Throats,
Wipe our A—s with their Votes.

Let [c] Sir *T—m*, that rampant Aſs,
Stuff his Guts with Flax and Graſs;
But before the Prieſt he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to Pieces:

[c] Sir *Thomas P————ſi*, a P—— C——r of *Ireland*, and Son to the Informer of that Name.

At

At the Parſons, *Tom*, holloo, Boy,
Worthy Offſpring of a Shoe-Boy,
Footman, Traytor, vile Seducer,
Perjur'd Rebel, brib'd Accuſer;
Lay thy paltry Privilege aſide,
Sprung from Papiſts, and a Regicide;
Fall a working like a Mole,
Raiſe the Dirt about your Hole.

COME, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new Expedient;
Shift the Scene for half an Hour,
Time and Place are in thy Pow'r;
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me,
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.

SEE, the Muſe unbars the Gate;
Hark, the Monkeys, how they prate!
[b] ALL ye Gods who rule the Soul,
Styx, thro' Hell whoſe Waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.

[c] NEAR the Door an Entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antick Shapes,
Poverty, and *Grief*, and *Care*,
Cauſeleſs *Joy*, and true *Deſpair*,
Diſcord periwig'd with Snakes,
See the dreadful Strides ſhe takes.

[b] *Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, &c.*
Sit mihi fas audita loqui. Virg. Lib. VI.
[c] *Veſtibulum ante ipſum, &c.* Ibid.

By

By this odious Crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
[d] And reſolv'd to break their Pates,
E'er we enter'd at the Gates;
Had not *Clio*, in the Nick,
Whiſper'd me, *Lay down your Stick.*
What, ſaid I, is this the *Mad-Houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but Shadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty Viſions of the Brain.
[e] In the Porch *Briareus* ſtands,
Shews a Bribe in all his Hands;
Briareus the Secretary,
But we Mortals call him *C——y.*
When the Rogus their Country fleece,
They may hope for Pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a Fool's Diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome Approbation,
And be thought a near Relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred Brutes
All involv'd in wild Diſputes,
Roaring 'till their Lungs were ſpent
Privilege of Parliament,
Now a new Misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' Heels.

[d] *Et ni docta comes, &c.* Ibid.
[e] *Et centumgeminus Briareus, &c.* Virg. Lib. VI.

Never

Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal Door;
Clio ſtifled with the Smell
Into Spleen and Vapours fell,
By the *Stygian* Steams that flew
From the dire infectious Crew.
Not the Stench of Lake *Avernus*
Could have more offended her Noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the Top,
She had felt her Pinions drop,
And by Exhalations dire,
Tho' a Goddeſs, muſt expire:
In a Fright ſhe crept away,
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay,
When I ſaw the Keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a Crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your Heroes one by one.
Who is that Hell-featur'd Brawler,
Is it *Satan?* No 'tis *W——r.*
In what Figure can a Bard dreſs
Jack the Grandſon of Sir *H——s.*
Honeſt Keeper, drive him further,
In his Looks are Hell and Murther;
See the ſcowling Viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murther'd *T——p.*
Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
On the Puppy Pair of *Dicks*;

By

By their Lanthorn Jaws and Leathern,
You might swear they both are Brethren;
Dick-Fitz Baker, Dick the Player,
Old Acquaintance, are you there?
Dear Companions, hug and kiss,——
Toast *old Glorious* in your Piss.
Tie 'em, Keeper, in a Tether,
Let 'em starve and think together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em daily;
Tho' 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion Rods perhaps may tame them.

KEEPER, yon old dotard Smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his Cloak,
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum *W——ne*
Half encompass'd by his Kin:
There observe the Tribe of *B——h——m*,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole Debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the Hunks
In his Grave, and search his Trunks;
See, they gently twitch his Coat,
Just to yawn and give his Vote,
Always firm in his Vocation,
For the C——, against the N——.

THOSE are *A——*; *Jack* and *Bob*,
First in every wicked Job,

Son

Son and Brother to a queer
Brainſick Brute, they call a Peer.
We maſt give them better Quarter,
For their Anceſtor trod Mortar,
And, at *H——th*, to boaſt his Fame,
On a Chimney cut his Name——.

THERE ſit *C——nti*, *D——ks*, and *H——n*,
How they ſwagger from their Garriſon!
Such a Triplet could you tell
Where to find on this Side Hell?
H——n, and *D——ks*, and *C——nts*,
Keeper, ſee they have their Payments.
Every Miſchief's in their Hearts,
If they fail, 'tis want of Parts.

BLESS us, *M——n!* art thou there, Man?
Bleſs mine Eyes! art thou the Chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd Committee!
Yet I look on thee with Pity.
Dreadful Sight! what, learn'd *M——n!*
Metamorphos'd to a *Gargon!*
For thy horrid Looks, I own,
Half convert me to a Stone:
Haſt thou been ſo long at School
Now to turn a factious Tool?
Alma Mater was thy Mother,
Ev'ry young Divine thy Brother;
Thou a diſobedient Varlet,
Treat thy Mother like a Harlot!

Thou,

Thou ungrateful to thy Teachers,
Who are all grown Rev'rend Preachers!
M—, would it not ſurprize one?
Turn thy Nouriſhment to Poyſon!
When you walk among your Books,
They reproach you with their Looks,
Bind them faſt, or from their Shelves
They will come, and right themſelves:
Homer, *Plutarch*, *Virgil*, *Flaccus*,
All in Arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Every *Greek* and *Roman* Author.
Will you, in your Faction's Phraſe,
Send the Clergy all to graze;
And to make your Project paſs,
Leave them not a Blade of Graſs?

How I want thee, hum'rous *Hogarth!*
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant Rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry Monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving Tools
On this odious Group of Fools,
Draw the Beaſts as I deſcribe them,
From their Features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I aſſure ye,
You will need no *Car'catura*;

Draw them ſo that we may trace
All the Soul in ev'ry Face.

KEEPER, I muſt now retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my Spirits ſpent
With the Noiſe, the Sight, the Scent.
Pray be patient, you ſhall find
Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
You have hardly ſeen a Score,
I can ſhew two hundred more.
Keeper, I have ſeen enough;
Taking then a Pinch of Snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their God, the D—l, confound 'm.

END of the Fifth VOLUME.

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